HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. III.—No. 109.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1859. [Price Five Cents.

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REV. J. W. CUMMINGS, D.D.

Until within the last few years the Catholic Church in this country had no distinctive organization. Its bishops, and even its ministers, were foreigners, sent here as missionaries from other lands to provide for the spiritual wants of the community.

But the rapid increase, from emigration and other sources, of those professing the Catholic faith—more particularly in the State of New York—gave rise to the necessity of remodeling and totally changing the system hitherto in force. Various modifications were adopted; and eventually Pius IX., in elevating New York to the dignity of a metropolitan see, proclaimed that the era of missionary dependence had ceased—that the Church was henceforth to march without leading-strings, relying upon its own resources and vitality, though still owing allegiance to Rome; but in this and similar respects on an equality with the other churches which, throughout the world, constitute the great body of the Catholic unity. To this end it was sought to recruit the sacred office of the ministry from among our American youth; and so wise and politic an effort was not long in being crowned with an unexpected measure of success.

Dr. Cummings is a representative man of this class. It is to such men as he that Rome must look for the permanent establishment, on a basis of national religious feeling, of her influence in the United States. So long ago as the early part of 1782, in the very heat and enthusiasm of Revolutionary patriotism, Dr. Cummings's family, who came from the North of Ireland, settled in the neighborhood now known as the District of Columbia, near the very spot where the City of Washington at present stands. Captain Worthy Stephenson, his maternal grand-uncle, was one of the initiatory founders of the city, his position and influence at the time causing him to be chosen Grand Marshal of the ceremonies on the day when General Washington laid the corner-stone of the Capitol. Captain Stephenson enjoyed the warm friendship and esteem of that great, good man; and all who knew him, either in his public or private relations, are said to have entertained for him the greatest affection and respect. He married Miss Triplet, of Virginia—his only child, who died in the Mediterranean, at an early age, being a lieutenant in the United States Navy. Dr. Cummings's mother was left by Captain Stephenson sole heiress to his large fortune, and numerous lawsuits were the ultimate consequence. These, combined with the lady's conversion to Catholicism, which occurred very shortly afterward, caused much estrangement among the older members of the family, and the early years of Dr. Cummings, who was born in Washington City, District of Columbia, April 5, 1824, were thus necessarily passed almost entirely within the restricted limits of his mother's immediate sphere, to which fortuitous circumstance may, no doubt, be ascribed those habits of philosophical introspection and reflective study which have mainly contributed to develop the peculiar cast of intellect and purpose—a peculiarity that may be termed "progressive concentration"—for which the subject of our article is so pre-eminently distinguished. It is this that so thoroughly identifies him with the spirit of his age and country—that enables him to exercise an irresistible power over all with whom he happens to be brought in contact, either in the pursuits of his clerical function or in the walks of everyday social intercourse—and that, at no very distant period, must demand his elevation to offices of the highest trust and dignity in the service of his Church.

The preliminaries of domestic education over, at an early age, and a preparatory course of training, first in New York, and subsequently at a college near Nyack, on the Hudson River, having been accomplished, Dr. Cummings was sent to Rome—there to be fitted, under the auspices of the Propaganda, for the great work of the ministry to which his future life was destined to be devoted.

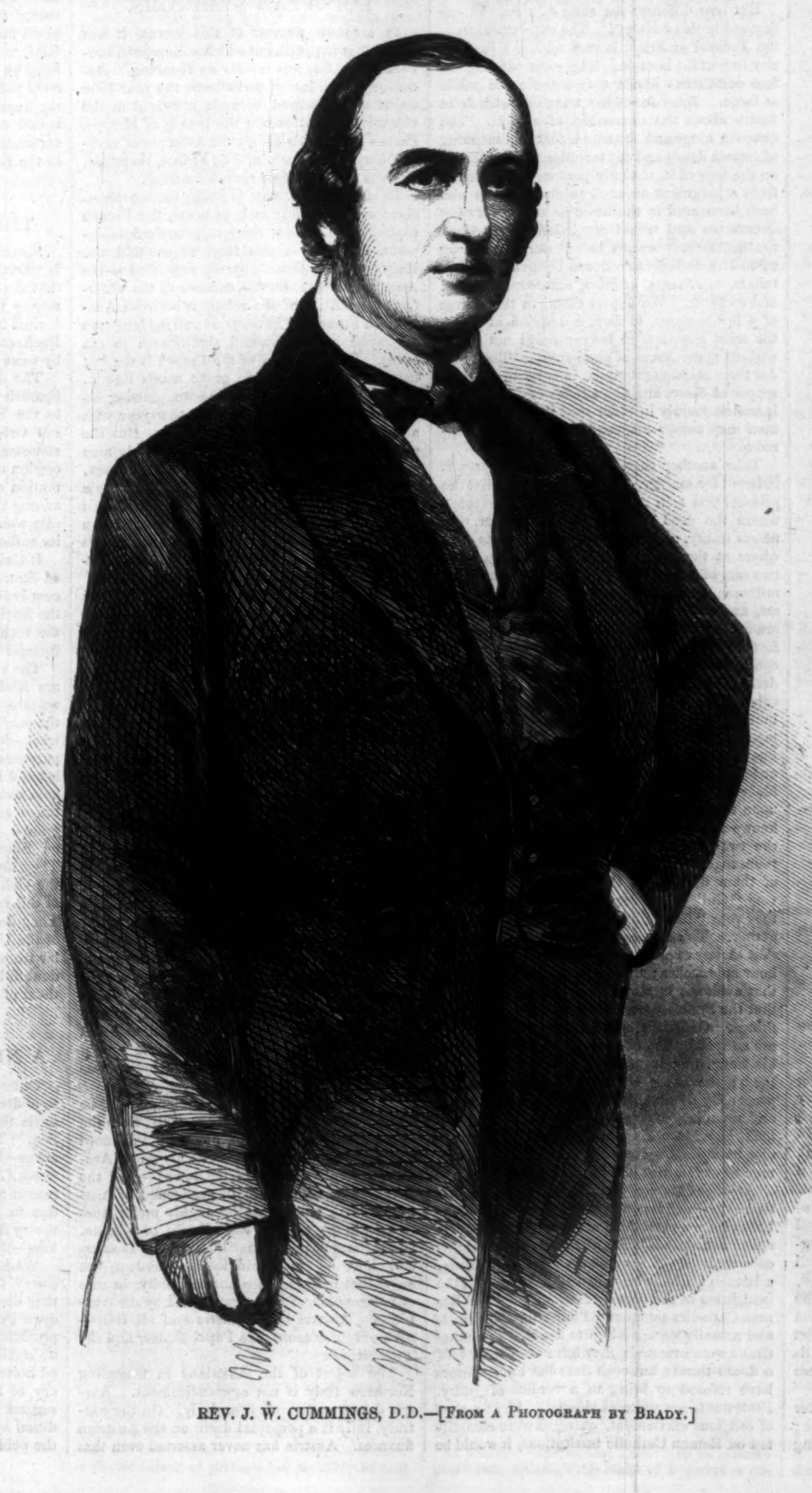
The College of the Propaganda is one of the most sumptuous and interesting of the countless religious institutions of the Eternal City. Within its walls are educated youths from all quarters of the world, every race finding there its representative. The voice of the tawny Chinese, of the stunted Laplander, the jetty Nubian, the fair Anglo-Saxon, the swarthy Hindoo, and the South Sea Islander may be heard in its marble saloons, on the feast of Pentecost, each telling the blessings of Christian civilization in his own tongue. Here are they prepared for the effective and faithful discharge of their future duty; and year by year, from its sculptured portals, they go forth with hopeful souls and dauntless hearts, to impart to their benighted brethren the tenets of that faith that they have received, many never to return; for often their earthly reward is the crown of martyrdom—their last work in this world a baptism of the faith they teach in their own blood.

The late Pope Gregory was fond of inviting parties of these youths to visit him at the palace of the Quirinal, where, hiding in the orange-groves and alleys of the garden, they awaited the approach of the Holy Father, on these occasions always accompanied by the Cardinal Mezzofanti, known as the most accomplished linguist of his time. At a preconcerted signal the youths would rush from their hiding-places and address the polyglot Cardinal, each in his own language—the Cardinal's ease and readiness in answering every one correctly and fluently being a source of never-failing enjoyment to the venerable Pontiff.

It was here that Dr. Cummings laid up that store of theological and practical erudition for which he is now so universally distinguished. His polemical abilities and powers of rhetoric have attracted attention from many learned controversialists and eloquent divines of both hemispheres. His lingual accomplishments are quite extensive; and, at the same time, he has not neglected the mastery of those lighter attainments which so charmingly relieve the tendency to bigotry and asceticism too often produced by exclusive application to the profound sciences. At the end of a residence of fourteen years, Dr. Cummings left the Propaganda College, having received the highest honor that could be bestowed upon a favorite pupil; and in 1847 he returned to his native country, with weapons polished and armor girded on, ready at all points to occupy a front rank in that great fight for the faith of which he was a soldier. He was stationed at St. Patrick's Cathedral, in Mulberry Street, from thence removed to a school-house, which he had built on Twenty-seventh Street and Madison Avenue, and afterward erected St. Stephen's Church, in Twenty-eighth Street, on the summit of the elevated spot known to old New-Yorkers as "Rose-hill Financiering."

This is his present post of ministerial duty, and it is here that crowds assemble to listen to the powerful reasoning, the eloquent appeals, and impressive teachings of his sermons. Whether at the altar, endowed with all his priestly functions; in the pulpit, laboring to guide the religious sentiment of his hearers; or as the pastor, tending to his flock with pious exhortation and the consolations of his creed, he is, every where and at all times, equally popular, looked-up to, and beloved. Even among members of other denominations his simplicity of manners and gentlemanlike amiability of bearing render him a general favorite, and opponents in argumentative discussion are compelled to acknowledge that the strength of his positions is only equaled by the persistent courtesy with which he maintains them.

Dr. Cummings is also well known as an attractive lecturer, more particularly by his discourse on slavery, which was extensively copied and commented on by the press throughout the country. He has also written many essays on various subjects for the better class of newspapers, magazines, and reviews, and is, we believe, at present engaged on Ap-



REV. J. W. CUMMINGS, D.D.—[From a Photograph by Brady.]

pleton's "New American Cyclopædia," in revising subjects of Catholic interest that have to appear therein, to which responsible duty he was especially appointed by Archbishop Hughes.

An accomplished musician, Dr. Cummings has given much of his attention toward the improvement of ecclesiastical music, and in none of the churches of our city can the sublime harmonies of the Catholic ritual be heard to so much advantage as in that over which he presides. Mademoiselle Piccolomini and all the great opera-singers are regular attendants at Dr. Cummings's during their stay in the city. He surrounds the services of the altar with all the pomp and dignified ceremonial which his Church knows so well how to employ, and which is one of the most effectual weapons in maintaining an influence over her worshipers. Among the congregation who attend upon Dr. Cummings's ministry may be found the *élite* of our Catholic fellow-citizens; in fact, St. Stephen's is the Catholic Grace Church of New York.

In this connection it occurs to us to notice the great accessions of strength which the Catholic Church has of late years received through the medium of con- (or, as the opponents of that religion would say, per-) version. Dr. Brownson, for instance, is perhaps one of the ablest champions of her doctrines and dogmas; Bishop Ives too; and, in England, Dr. Newman (probably as acute a metaphysician and learned a man as that country can at present produce), Dr. Manning, Archdeacon Wilberforce, Mr. Lucas, and many others too numerous to mention. Dr. Cummings can scarcely be considered as himself a convert, yet he was only prevented from being brought up within the pale of Protestantism by the circumstance of his mother renouncing that creed at a time when he was so young as to be unable to direct the course of his future religious impressions and tendencies.

A FROST SONG.

TO THE TUNE OF A PAIR OF SKATES.

DRAWN each strap through the buckle tightly,
Blocks screwed home to the dapper heel—
Away! on the iron skates so lightly
One scarce may the slippery surface feel:
Aha! for the whirl of our gliding motion,
With a joyous rush through the wholesome breeze,
Of which none yonder can form a notion,
Shivering under the snow-plumed trees.
Twittering, glittering—shod as with light,
Away! on our chirruping swallow flight.

Not jockey blithe on his blood-mare riding,
With foot well poised in the stirrup thong;
Not swiftest swimmer through green wave gliding,
With nerveful wrists and with ankles strong:
Oh, none but one as with buskin and sandal,
Thus reared on the crest of a steel-blue keel,
Can twit the sluggard a scorn and scandal,
With a twirling whirl and a wheeling reel.
Twittering, glittering—shod as with light,
Away! on our chirruping swallow flight.

With sudden twist on the back-turn flashing,
True to the metal as round it swerves,
Thridding the maze of a throng oft clashing,
Carve we some name in elastic curves—
Some dear name cut on the granite waters
With the rapid gleam of a grinding edge,
Twining for one of Earth's rosy daughters,
A lover's knot as our Gordian pledge.
Twittering, glittering—shod as with light,
Away! on our chirruping swallow flight.

Driven by a force that like fury lashes,
As though we were charging with pike or lance,
Swift—right and left—in alternate dashes,
Then feet together straight on we glance:
Till drifting by as in whirlwind eddy
We deftly skim round the Danger pool,
Ne'er slackening our pace, being rarely ready
To halt, upon grating heels, by rule.
Twittering, glittering—shod as with light,
Away! on our chirruping swallow flight.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1859.

THE JURY SYSTEM.

AT the very time this journal was expressing doubts of the intrinsic merit of the jury system, events were occurring in England which most conclusively proved its worthlessness. In a case tried before Lord Chief-Justice Campbell, in which the question at issue was whether a railroad company had been negligent or not, the plaintiff being a passenger who had been injured by a railroad accident, the Court charged the jury that the Company had been either negligent or not: if it had, it was liable for the full extent of the plaintiff's damage; if it had not, it was wholly blameless. On this charge the jury brought in a verdict for the plaintiff, *with one farthing damages.* This absurd verdict Lord Campbell very reasonably, but clearly illegally, refused to receive, and the jury were discharged.

Upon this the London press reason after their kind: some impugning the Chief-Justice; others abusing the jury; not one questioning the soundness of the jury system. Yet what so clear as that the verdict in this case proves the folly of the method?

It can never be too often repeated that the Saxon method of trial by jury was adopted at a period when the Crown or supreme authority was a party to almost every suit. At the period from which trial by jury dates the chief business of Courts was the decision of cases of forfeiture, confiscation, and criminal prosecution. Civil cases were almost unknown. Even at a far later date, suits between man and man bore a comparatively small proportion to the suits in which the Crown was directly or indirectly concerned. It was then—let us say in the time of James the Second and his immediate predecessors and successors—that the value of trial by jury was ascertained. In those days the jury was the bulwark of the citizens' liberty against the encroachments of the privileged classes and the royal prerogative. Even then, however, and in such cases, it could not be thoroughly relied on. Juries were subject to every popular frenzy; and often, under the terror created by fanatic prejudice or national spite, condemned honest men to undeserved punishment. The history not only of Great Britain, but of New England likewise, contains numerous instances in which the jury system served to do wrong under color of justice. Still, looking at the working of the jury system in the aggregate, it can not be denied that, on the whole, in those days, it worked better than any other system could have done; it held a fairer balance between the Crown and the subject than could have been held by any tribunal composed of persons dependent on the Government for a livelihood.

But how different the state of things in our day and in this country! The supreme authority, Federal or State, is very seldom a party to any important lawsuit. The cases pending before our Courts hardly ever concern the public at large. John Jones has a lawsuit with John Smith about the ownership of a field. The question hinges on the true intent and meaning of certain deeds and conversations. Evidently, on the face of it, the only persons competent to form a judgment on such points are men who have been bred to the business of interpreting documents and verbal admissions. Yet when the controversy comes before our Courts, we submit its decision to a dozen laymen—grocers, tailors, merchants, printers, milkmen, farmers, and so forth. We expect them, in the course of a few minutes, to form a decision at which the most experienced lawyer could not arrive without many hours of close study. They render their decision promptly, in order to eat their supper at home, and John Jones or John Smith is beaten mainly in order that the twelve jurymen may escape the confinement of the jury-room.

Take another case. Robinson or Brown is indicted for murder. Witnesses swear that the prisoner was seen coming bloody from the scene where the deed was committed. Other witnesses testify, on the contrary, that he was elsewhere at the time. To decide between these two sets of contradictory witnesses we summon milkmen, grocers, shoemakers, cartmen, farmers, and so forth. Very few of these jurymen are capable of telling a straightforward story of facts which no one disputes. As to weighing contradictory evidence, not one of them ever dreamed of such a thing. Of the well-known rules which enable the acute judge to discriminate false from true testimony, no one of these men is cognizant. How could he be? He knows all about milk, or mutton, or pantaloons, or Mocha coffee, or boots, or baggage: but evidence is a thing which he has never been called upon to study, and about which, therefore, he knows nothing. The consequence is that, when the twelve worthies find themselves in their room together, they ballot for a verdict. Eight of them didn't like the prisoner's face; they vote "Guilty." Four are humanely disposed; they vote "Not guilty." Then they discuss together. The advocates of a verdict intimate that society requires examples, and that dinner-hour approaches; their antagonists feebly reply that evidence is always subject to doubts, and that the State Prison and the halter are terrible things. Generally speaking, the whole twelve are swayed by one obstinate man. He declares his views, and intimates that he will stand by them; the other eleven, sharing the natural propensity of mankind to be led by the nose, and dreading a possible confinement as jurymen, come into his views, and render the verdict he desires. He may be a fool—but jurymen have families and love their homes.

Another failure of justice arises from the partisanship which is common to all classes of men. Experience shows that, when religious sectarianism is aroused, juries will never render righteous verdicts. A few months since, in Canada, a Roman Catholic became a Protestant. At the instigation of the parish priest a number of Roman Catholics set upon the unfortunate convert, and actually stamped him to death. The murderers were arrested; they have been tried half a dozen times; but each time the Papist jurors have refused to bring in a verdict of guilty. Protestants are quite as bigoted. If, at a time of religious excitement, outrages were committed on Roman Catholic institutions, it would be difficult to empanne a Protestant jury that would find the prisoners guilty. Just so with politics. When any political question agitates the public mind, juries can not be relied on to render verdicts according to the evidence. Each juryman will be swayed by his peculiar prejudices. All experience teaches that, in such cases, nothing like justice can be expected from the jury system. So far does the mischief extend that, even when partisan feeling is quiescent, religious or native sympathy constantly interferes with the working of the jury system. Anglo-Saxons are so trained to law-abiding habits that, under ordinary circumstances, they will seldom attempt to screen a malefactor. But, in this city, Irish miscreants constantly escape their due punishment through the sympathies of Irish jurors. In a recent case, a villain, charged righteously with rape, under atrocious circumstances, was rescued from the halter by the fellow-feeling of two Irish Papists who happened to be on the jury.

Thus, what with ignorance on the one side, and national or sectarian prejudice on the other, it may be said decidedly, that the jury system works mischief, and nothing but mischief, in this country. We believe that it is equally absurd in Great Britain. But there people entertain so profound a veneration for whatever is ancient that they esteem the jury system a benefit in spite of its palpable evils. It will probably devolve upon us to set them the example of discarding it, and of reverting to a plan which shall be more consonant with the spirit of truth and the dictates of common sense.

EUROPEAN SYMPTOMS.

IN a recent number of this journal it was shown that the period at which a European convulsion was due was rapidly approaching. According to the law of periodicity, the year 1859 ought to be marked by some upheaval of the volcanic element among the people of Europe. France has invariably set the example of revolutionary movement; and on France, therefore, all eyes have for some time been fixed.

Recent events appear to justify the apprehensions we expressed; and, as usual, the French capital is the focus of the symptomatic development. On New-Year's Day, we are told, the Emperor of the French openly expressed to the Austrian embassador his concern at the unfortunate condition of the relations between Austria and France. The occasion and the language employed impart unusual significance to the event. The Emperor of the French is the last man in the world to use grave words lightly. And the occasion must have been pressing indeed for him to inaugurate the new year with a public proclamation of ill tidings. But the occasion was pressing. Throughout Italy men are in a ferment. At Milan, Venice, Verona, and all the towns of the *Milanese*, the people are ripe for insurrection. Never was the hated name of *Tedesco* more profoundly execrated than it is at present. Never were the Italians more anxious to strike a blow for independence. Assuredly the time was ripe for truthful words.

To those who have watched European politics for some years, the events which are occurring may seem to be the natural consequences of schemes prepared long since. At the close of the Russian war, every one remembers that France made certain private arrangements with Russia which amounted, in fact, to a secret treaty of alliance as against other European Powers. To meet this the Government of Great Britain hastened to conclude a closer treaty than usual with Austria. The terms of these private arrangements are not known to the public; but their general tenor may safely be inferred. As the case stood after the conclusion of the British convention with Austria, the rivals were fairly balanced: Russia and France on the one side were a match, and no more than a match, for England and Austria on the other. Great Britain added further strength to her side by a dynastic alliance with Prussia. The Emperor of the French thus found himself by no means in the position of autocracy he may have sought when he allied himself with the Czar. It is possible that, reviewing the field of European politics, Napoleon may have decided to assail the rival alliance; having done so, he sought its weakest point, which, undoubtedly, was Italy.

To understand the Italian question, it must be borne in mind that all Northern Italy, from the Papal States on the south, and from Piedmont on the west, is more or less directly under Austrian control. Many of the towns—and the principal ones—are actually garrisoned by Austrian troops, and are as thoroughly under Austrian military rule as the suburbs of Vienna. Other parts of this section of Italy—as Tuscany and Lucca—are nominally independent, but enjoy that independence under penalty, in case of insurrection, of being garrisoned by the Austrians. Austria is the mistress of all Italy—save only Piedmont, the Papal States, and the Two Sicilies.

The object of the Austrians in trampling Northern Italy is not aggrandizement. Austria draws no revenue from Italy. On the contrary, Italy is a perpetual drain on the Austrian finances. Austria has never asserted even that Lombardy was part of the Austrian dominions. But the revolutionary tendencies of the Italians are so dangerous, and their example so contagious, that the Austrian Government has felt that the peace and subserviency of its own people could only be secured by subjecting Italy. Therefore it is that Austrian soldiers have garrisoned the Milanese and established martial law throughout Northern Italy.

It is evident, however, that the tenure of Austrian rule in Italy is in the highest degree precarious. It depends on bayonets only. Every one hates it. Every one longs for its downfall. Even the Pope distrusts it, and Piedmont would eagerly seize an opportunity to overturn it.

By declaring himself in favor of the evacuation of Northern Italy by the Austrians, the Emperor of the French deals a fatal blow at the national alliance which is opposed to him. He holds in his hand the fate of Austria; he has but to say the word and all Italy will rise, irresistible, fanatic, united. Russia will rejoice at the spectacle. The English people will not suffer their Government to interpose in behalf of Austrian tyranny. Prussia will view the humiliation of her rival with complaisance. Hungary will not be indifferent. Austria will thus stand alone—the Government against the people—without a friend to aid her, and with the liberal sympathies of the world enlisted on the side of her opponents.

If the design of the Emperor of the French has been to break up the alliance among his rivals—and it must be admitted that events justify the belief that such has been his aim—it must be admitted that he has acted with even more than his usual sagacity. An Italian uprising, countenanced by the French Empire, could hardly fail to be highly injurious, if not fatal, to Austria. It would be hailed with delight by the English, by us, by every enlightened people. And whatever the effect were on the financial markets of the commercial world, it can not be questioned but that the political consequences would be fraught with advantage to the Emperor of the French.

THE PURCHASE OF CUBA.

SOME of the papers say, with more truth than is generally supposed, that the President believes that the judicious use of a certain amount of money might secure the sale of Cuba to the United States. The fact is, probably, that Mr. Buchanan has allowed himself to be deceived by some Spanish wags.

The President may rest assured that the Spanish Government could no more sell Cuba to the United States than this country could sell Oregon to Great Britain. No Spanish statesman of any standing dare even propose a cession of Cuba to the United States. The retention of the island is now a matter of pride among the Spaniards; and the advocacy of its sale would sign the political death-warrant of its author.

If Cuba is ever to become a part of the United States, it can only become such by the process indicated by Senator Douglas, namely, by the forcible seizure of the island as security for the reparation of some injury inflicted by the Spaniards on our commerce or our shipping.

The closer the French and Spanish journals are studied the clearer does it seem that the writers—who are naturally in the confidence of the leading statesmen of their respective countries—do not even dream of the real aims and purposes of the United States. The old Spanish and French monarchs annexed new territory as a means of increasing their revenues; they taxed and despoiled the people of their conquests. The European publicists give the United States credit for equally selfish designs. They never seem to suspect that the interest of the Cubans would be as largely served as that of this country by the annexation of the island. They do not seem to imagine that the people of the United States would not derive one dollar from the conquest of Cuba. Perhaps it is doubtful whether any reasoning can convince them of their error.

A NEW ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

CERTAIN of Dr. Kane's old companions offer to undertake a fresh Arctic voyage, in order to settle the disputed question of the open Polar Sea. They are encouraged by strong assurances—based on scientific grounds—from Professors Agassiz and Bache, that there is every reason to believe that such a sea exists. It is due to Dr. Kane's memory—especially as his theory has been derided in some foreign countries—that the question should be set at rest.

We hope the Government will afford the necessary facilities to the explorers, and, in case they desire it, will grant them a ship. If the open Polar Sea be discovered, a new and very profitable field will be opened to whalers; and no small credit will be reflected upon the United States. Proper consideration for the memory of the illustrious Doctor Kane ought to suggest the furtherance of the proposed expedition by liberal aid from the Government and the public.

THE LOUNGER.

WANTED—A LITTLE CAPITAL.

THERE is a capital sketch by Gavarni, called the Bohemians, and representing a café in Paris, in the inner room of which two *Bohèmes*—in English, loafers—are playing billiards with the gusto of men to whom life itself is only a game; while at a table in the foreground sits a disconsolate, square-headed, seedy individual, leaning his elbow upon the table, and his chin dolefully in his hand, with a glass of *eau sucrée* before him, a short clay-pipe smoked up, a pack of cards, and the checker-board—and, underneath, the legend, "Wanted—a person able to command a little capital."

Nothing wanting but the *pou sto*, and the Bohemian would turn the great crank of the engine, and turn out his fortune complete.

He sits there as a poor fellow might sit upon the shores of the Persian Gulf, knowing perfectly well that there is a mine of wealth for somebody in the pearls that lie at the bottom of the water. Yes, and he knows that somebody—a man like himself—will come along by-and-by, fish up the pearls, and be rich.

How many men there are, all the time, who look at the daily course of life in the same way—perfectly conscious that there are endless fortunes which are going to be made in the future; and which they could make as well as any body if they could only get the hang of it—if they could only think of the lucky way to turn. *Wanted*—only a little capital.

What scores of men in this country, when they saw the success of Jenny Lind, must have vexed themselves by demanding, incessantly, "Why, in the name of conscience, didn't *I* think of that? 'Twas as clear as the sun that money could be made there!" And while they were wondering, somebody invented a pill, or a cough lozenge, or fished up some other pearl; and still the poor Bohemian leans upon the table, and, having smoked his pipe quite up, perceives that only a little capital is wanted!

Mr. Albert Smith, of London, is one of the gentlemen who has fished up a very costly pearl. He was a small *litterateur*—rather a *farceur* in letters—a decided cockney, a Bohemian, and a general courtier of Fortune, who had an entertainment called the Overland Mail. Suddenly a happy thought struck him—the gleam of an enormous pearl—and he scampered away from England—climbed to the summit of Mont Blanc—saw the thing, from that point, as plainly as possible—came rattling down again—posted back to London—arranged a hall like a Swiss chalet—remembered and invented the best anecdotes of travel and stories of national character he could command—wove in a continuous thread of traveling story—dashed the tale with the pluck of a Londoner who had *in propria persona* stood on the monarch of mountains—painted appropriate scenery—opened his door gayly to the public, who took the humor of the thing, who rushed in delighted, and six nights in every week crammed and jammed the chalet—listened to the animated descriptions—laughed at the droll imitations and anecdotes—until Mr. Albert Smith's pearl became famous, and he himself a London institution.

Wanted—a little capital of invention, said Fate, in the general prospectus. Albert Smith rushed forward, invested his capital of that kind, and the dividends are colossal.

He has just speculated farther in the same general direction. He has been to China, and has returned to England with a complete set of willow-pattern fan. It is not less successful; and night after night his hall—now converted from a Swiss chalet to a resemblance to a Chinese pagoda—swarms with laughing Londoners.

Only a little capital is required; but it must be capital. That is the despair of Gavarni's poor Bohemian. He has not a solitary sou. He could pull his ladder up after him as well as not if he could only find a place to rest his feet upon. Plenty of chances, and why can he not grasp a single one of them? Simply because in that case—wanted a hand.

Good friends, who are wondering why on earth you can't seize any share of the general good fortune—who think that you are just as clever as those who do—consider that they have the capital. It may be skill, it may be industry, it may be impudence, it may be intelligence; but whatever it is, it is something positive, and not negative; it is not a leaning of the chin in the hand, and indulging the doleful dumps over a pipe smoked out.

A MAN'S WILL.

IT used to be said that a woman's will was enough to set the world awry; but nowadays men's wills are getting troublesome.

A droll and unexpected result of the freedom of the press is, that a man's disposition of his own property is subjected to such scrutiny and criticism that, for fear of posthumous shame, many a posthumous injustice will remain undone. The duty of a man to provide for his family, whom he has educated according to his fortune, is rigidly insisted upon by the public; and the same tribunal will have no unforgiving fathers, no stern "parients" after death.

And from means so simple and proper as the possible publication of a will, what an appalling retribution is prepared for passion or meanness! The veriest Hun in the world may well shrink in anticipation from the blast of execration which will howl over his grave and chill the comfort of his children if he endeavor to perpetuate malice and make hate immortal.

Recent cases have excited various opinions. The expression of the public journals has been harmoniously adverse; but in private it has sometimes been suggested that if a man's daughter eloped against his will she must expect evil consequences.

But the case is very simple: Suppose she runs off with a man who is a rascal, and makes her miserable, is the father therefore to add the pinch of poverty to the ruin of happiness, which she already endures, as a punishment of whatever offense she has committed? Or suppose she runs off with a man who is a good, honest fellow, but whom the father does not choose to like, is she then to be punished for having chosen worthily?

If a man who has money ought not to cut off with a shilling a poor, good-for-nothing, drunken sot of a son, but ought to put some means in trust for him, to make sure of even a chance of better things, rather than secure the certainty of his destruction, how much more ought he to provide for the rescue of a daughter from want, whose only offense is that she loved, not *wrongly*, but too well.

This feudal idea of an absolute paternal authority, exercised irresponsibly and unreasonably to the unhappiness of honest men and women, will wither away before the publishing of wills. The habit will have abuses, as every habit has. But it is not difficult to foretell its benefits.

CHRISTIAN COURTESY.

THE New York Christian young men, or some of them—for it is to be hoped that Mozart Hall would not hold all of them—had lately a tea-party, and with the tea, as was proper, toasts; and to the toasts, as is usual, speeches. It seems to have been a pleasant occasion for the young men; and the Mayor and other worthy gentlemen made remarks which were generally both appropriate and brief.

But why should the social sympathy of the hour have been spoiled by personal insults to other equally worthy gentlemen who were not present?

One of the orators, according to the report, "pitched into" certain eminent "Athenians," sometimes known as Bostonians; accused them of being on the verge of idolatry, and warned the Christian young men that, if they did not take care, the Athenians "by their stinging, singing process would speedily transform them into their own shape—that of a wasp."

Now here was something neither Christian, humane, nor polite. A New York gentleman (or one speaking in New York), entertains different views from some Boston gentlemen, who are doubtless quite as intelligent, as moral, and as capable of forming and expressing opinions upon every subject as he is; and instead of showing why he considers their views wrong or pernicious, he calls them names, perhaps he made mouths at them, and the performance inevitably leaves upon every sensible mind this impression: if the views of the Athenians are wrong, they were not shown to be so; they were merely denounced as dangerous. The single thing proved is the want of good manners on the part of the speaker.

When Christian young men give tea-parties, why not take great care that there shall be plenty of sugar? Calling names should be confined to ardent politicians on the stump in Tammany; for decency's sake, let us have common propriety served up with the toasts in Mozart Hall.

LECTURES AND LECTURERS.

A LECTURE upon this promising subject was lately delivered by an excellent reverend gentleman, in which, among many good things, there were some other things neither very good nor very true. The most important of these was the statement that many of the best lecturers had withdrawn, and others would probably yet withdraw, from the Lyceum, because they were put in company with vagrom men of various kinds, who, under fine flowers of rhetoric, concealed transcendentalism, infidelity, and other wickedness, and who were altogether heretics and Lollards.

Now what different views honest men may take of the same subject! The Lounger has been interested in the study of the Lyceum and the lecture-system for some time, and the result of his extended and careful observation is that the Lyceum has constantly grown in earnestness and freedom of thought and discussion, and that, consequently, the men who are noted for a generous humanity (which is often called "infidelity," as if those who loved and tried to help men were disbelievers in the love of God), and for a fearless and eloquent expression of the widest sympathy, are the very men who are sought more and more by the Lyceums every year, and are sure to gather the largest crowds and sow the seed of thought and life among them.

While, on the other hand, the speakers who dexterously avoid all allusion to grave and universal principles and the subjects that interest their audiences—who aim only to tickle the ear and excite a smile—who, by natural perversity or by ghastly conviction are set against human progress and the sweet sympathies of a common life and nature, rolling themselves up in their prickly little dogmas, like porcupines in their quills—are steadily, year by year, less sought or desired by the great popular heart and mind.

The fact carries its own moral. A man may travel from Bangor to St. Louis between the 1st of November and the 1st of March, and in every town and village and city, on some evening in every week, may hear one or more lectures. Let him remember who are the most popular speakers, and note *why* they are so; and then say whether it is because they tell pretty lies, or because they say things which the popular conscience at once affirms, and hears more eagerly because it has heard so seldom.

As for the best lecturers withdrawing, it would be a difficult thing for the excellent speaker in question to name a single public lecturer who has any claim at all to be considered among the best, who has left the Lyceum for the reason assigned. That many *have* left is true enough. But when the Lounger was lately engaged in studying the Lyceum in a certain large inland city, and asked a friend whether a late distinguished politician resident in that city had "withdrawn" from politics; his friend replied, "He certainly has nothing to do with them at present, but probably he himself would like amazingly to know whether he has withdrawn or been dropped!"

PLAIN SPEAKING.

A FAMOUS mathematician has made an accurate calculation of the chances of broken necks and limbs by railway travel in this country. People who travel much by rail are deeply interested in it—especially after they have completed the whole number of miles which, according to the calculation, require that they should break their necks. In fact, you may at any time find yourself comfortably rolling along by the side of a man who, to keep the statistics straight, ought to have been crushed to death six months before.

Inasmuch as these disagreeable chances would be greatly lessened, if railroads were more carefully built and guarded, every instance of remissness and accident should be brought into the plainest public notice. An accurate monthly report of accidents of every kind upon every railroad would be very useful, if not very amusing reading. It would greatly help the general security of travel.

The matter has been freshly suggested by the Georgia accident, occasioned by the washing away of the embankment by heavy rains, and by a vigorous passage in the last number of the *North American Review*, in which, speaking of an English bridge, the reviewer remarks, "What a contrast to the tremulous and rotting cobwork which, not only on our routes of common travel, but even on our railways, often spans rapid streams and precipitous ravines, and whose architects and superintendents enable us to conceive of the Hindoo Thugs—murderers by profession—as a possible sect."

And the writer adds, in a note: "Is this too strong language, in view of facts familiarly known? It was not a solitary or unmatched fact which appeared on the inquest upon the bodies of those recently murdered on the New York Central Railroad, near Utica—that the local functionaries of the railway had for several days been fully aware of the decayed and perilous condition of the bridge whose failure was thus fatal."

Murder is the very word that describes such conduct, under such circumstances.

"ITALIA, O ITALIA!"

THE recent earnest and enthusiastic lectures upon Italy and Italian revolutions by Signora Mario have revived many a sympathy and half-obscured feeling in many minds. Perhaps the most universal of all is a sense of the impracticability of Italian patriotism. Let no friend of Italy be offended with the word. It is used in no reproachful, but in a regretful, sense.

Whoever is familiar with the details of the struggle at Rome against the French—the good order maintained by the Republican Government, the popular sympathy, and, though the word seems strange to describe such a man, the practical administrative good sense of Mazzini, who, in his correspondence with the French special envoy, Lesseps, beat the diplomatist with his own weapons—will never be unjust to the Italian character, however skeptical he may be of their political regeneration.

But against these remembrances he has to place the interminable petty quarrels, the melodramatic conduct, and the general shiftlessness of the Italian movement. The young men waste too much enthusiasm upon the color of a ribbon or the shape of a hat; and long before they are prepared to hoist a hostile flag somebody wears a pair of trowsers that betrays the whole secret.

Just now we read that the only cigar which the young men of Milan will tolerate is smuggled into the country from Turin, and is called *Cavourino*, after Count de Cavour, of Piedmont. And so they keep the enemy always watchful, and expend their own energies in trifles. They are like men stealing upon a foe, and whose chance depends greatly upon their not being discovered; but as they push along in ambush, now one soldier, and now another, thrusts his arm out of the bushes, and shakes his fist at the enemy, who laugh silently and track their march from point to point.

The defense of Rome was heroic and noble. It has not had its meed of fame in contemporary history. Every day the flower of the city went out to the field, and every day some brave defender fell. The spirit that fought at Rome against Oudinot might liberate Italy. But that spirit would not be nervous about cravats, nor careful of shoe-strings. When a man has time to stop and pick lint off his coat-sleeve, he is not in a hurry.

THE FEAST OF NEW BOOKS.

THE fewer the books published, the better they ought to be; and, possibly, the better they are. Certainly the books of the winter—Carlyle's strong, splendid, picturesque, grand historical portrait of *Frederick the Great* at the head—are works of a permanent and grave interest. Then we have more recently the first volume of Palfrey's *History of New England*—calm, clear, dignified, and full of interest, a fresh and final telling of the immortally fresh and interesting story. And, partly in the same field, the first volume of Arnold's *History of Rhode Island*; so that, by comparing the two, the reader will have the case of Roger Williams against the men of Massachusetts Bay more skillfully presented on both sides than ever before.

Still another history, full of a vital, startling, and mournful interest, Dr. Sanger's *History of Prostitution*—a work for every grave man to read and ponder, and ask himself what he can do; and, as a relief, *Thorndale; or, the Conflict of Opinions*—the record of a sensitive, thoughtful, poetic, and refined mind, musing upon all questions, and stating the thoughts and the results with a ripe and tender simplicity and beauty of expression which is no less peculiarly English than the rollicking, sparkling, amusing *Yacht Voyage of six thousand Miles*, by Lord Dufferin, who went to Spitzbergen "on a lark;" showing that Lords may be genuine gentlemen, although the Duke of Beaufort *is* addicted to "Aunt Sally" and "propels bludgeons" at innocent equestrians who happen to hit his shoulder.

But from snow and ice, Dr. Thomson, who has lived for thirty years in the *Land* expounding the *Book*, leads us to the East with a knowledge and authority that few travelers have possessed. *The Land and the Book* is a work not only interesting to the general reader, but of peculiar value to the religious student, fascinating for Sunday-schools, and a substantial contribution to our knowledge of the Holy Land.

Nor are the poets silent. Mrs. Kemble gathers her verses, old and new, into one of Ticknor & Fields's handsome volumes: and with a fine, racy flavor of the old literature with which her dramatic studies have made her familiar, sings the same feelings and passions that inspired them. There is a rich tenderness in many of her poems, a pathetic dignity. Mr. Aldrich, too, clothes the *Babie Bell* in a quaint dress befitting her quaintness: while the airy chime of his dainty songs make a sound in the mind as of colored music. *Bitter-Sweet*, that comes from the hand that wrote *Timothy Titcomb's Letters*, is as hearty and earnest as that admirable book, and if in parts as rugged, is every where as racy as its native New England. By these works Dr. Holland has taken his place among our authors: while the *Autocrat* has put Dr. Holmes's old place of honor higher—so high that it will be visible to all the world as long as fancy, wit, humor, thought, grace, and pathos are dear to that world's heart.

And while the sumptuous *Poets and Poetry of England*, edited in the American edition by Mr. Duyckinck, with selections and illustrations of our own poets, must always remain among the handsomest and valuable books for papas and mammas, *Willie Winkie's Nursery Songs of Scotland*, exquisitely set forth by Ticknor & Fields, with Mrs Silsbee's judicious editing, will always delight "the weans."

The Lounger would also mention the *Household Book of Poetry*; but the author of the "Egyptian Serenade" expressly requests him to refrain, "because," as that author adds in a private note, "although my modest lines are but eight in number out of a large volume of eight hundred double-columned pages, yet it exasperates so many unprejudiced persons that they got in at all, it is more humane to say nothing about the book."

So the Lounger becomes instantly mum.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—"A CONSTANT READER," who wrote a few weeks since to thank the Lounger for stating the proper pronunciation of Piccolomini, and who asked how certain other words were pronounced, now accuses the Lounger of unkindness in remarking upon the spelling of the letter, and regrets that the "magnanimity" of the Lounger is "so easily ruffled." "A Constant Reader" has read this column with very little attention if he fancies that it ever ridicules any correspondent except in good-humored self-defense. The Lounger will naturally parry banter with banter, but he will never allow his magnanimity to be ruffled by any correspondent; and begs to say, in the politest manner, that the words originally mentioned by "A Constant Reader" are written as they are pronounced. In fact, they are pronounced first, and the writing is but an imitation of the sound.

—"DAMPHOOL" wishes to know whether the Lounger thinks that Milton's "creditable verses" are in his epics or in his minor poems; and whether the fact that the works of a poet come to be used as grammatical exercises does not indicate that they are dead, since anatomical students do not dissect live corpses; and "who would think of parsing Tennyson?" He continues:

> "To come to a practical test. Reputation aside, would the enterprising publishers of these days, think you, incontinently advance the fabulous sum (£15) said to have been paid for the copyright of the Satan-eid?"

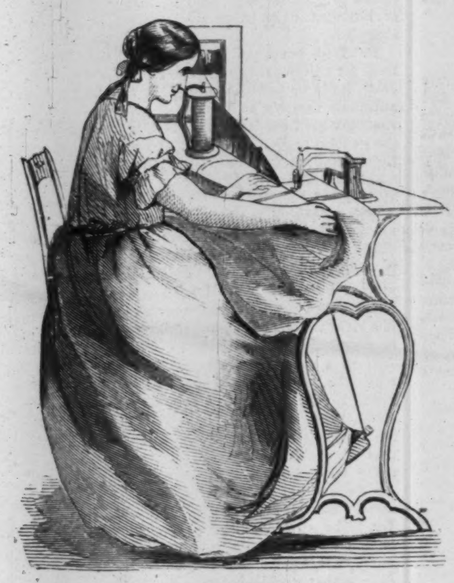
Probably not. Some of the most famous and successful works of our own day have gone begging in the same way. But it is no fault of the publishers. They do not issue works because they are full of genius or excellence, but because they promise to be profitable. A merchant deals in molasses or in ox hides according to the prospect of pecuniary success, not upon any abstract grounds of superiority in the hide to the sirup. Publishers are not critics, necessarily, nor scholars, nor philosophers, although they are often all three. As publishers, they are merchants; and if authors always remembered that fact they would not so often look upon publishers as their natural enemies.

—The problem of "C. P. Compte," in No. 106 of the *Weekly*, has elicited a great many satisfactory replies. This week, for instance, ION writes from Baltimore County, Maryland, that the number of palings will be "exactly the same." Another nameless correspondent takes Mr. Compte to task for inaccuracy in the statement of his proposition, and adds:

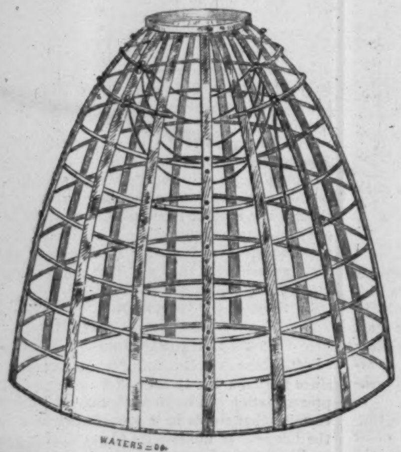
> "Permit me, Lounger, to suffix some problems not to be found in John Taylor's translation of Lilawati's Sanscrit arithmetic, a work which Mackintosh recommended, and from which Longfellow quotes—*videlicet:* If a man on a hill can see three miles, how far can six men see? Or, if it is fifty miles from Boston to Cape Cod, how far is it from Cape Ann to the Fourth of July?"

While still another and more youthful mathematician discovers that the difference in the number of pales will be 994 $\frac{46}{281}$!!

—BOZ says that he is one of a society of young men who desire to study the forms of parliamentary debate, and wishes to know how they can procure a copy of the minutes of the United States Senate, etc. The society should subscribe to the *Congressional Globe*, and make itself familiar with the Parliamentary Manual of Jefferson, which it will find included in the "Manual for the State of New York," published annually for the use of the Legislature at Albany.



SKIRT SEWING MACHINE.



SKELETON SKIRT.

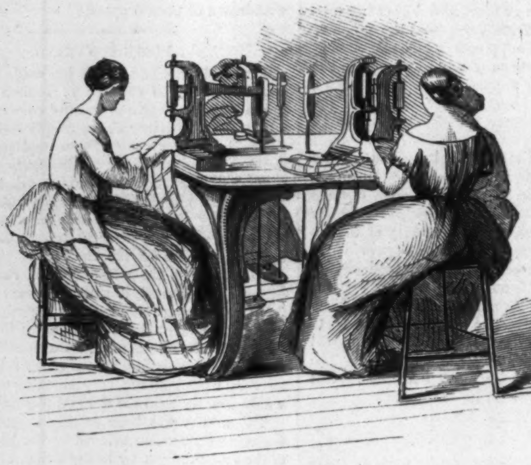
EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN.

Article III.

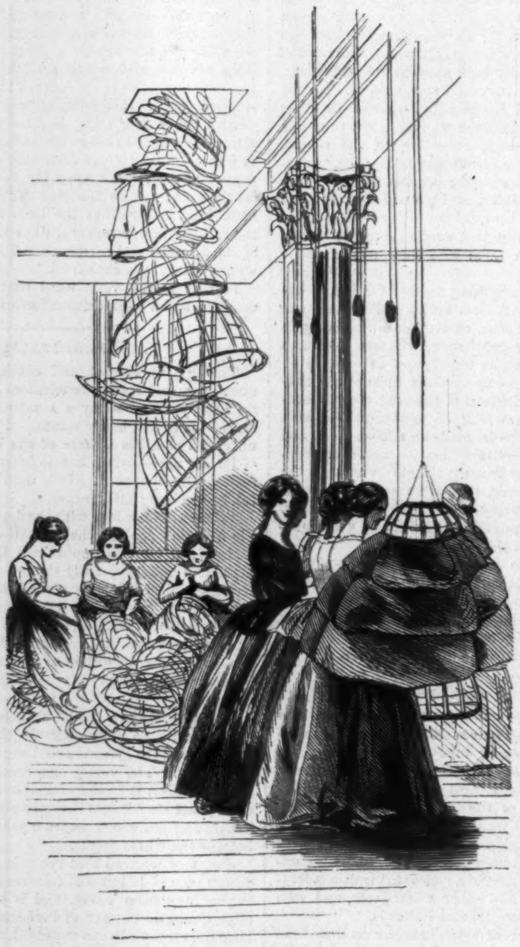
DOUGLAS & SHERWOOD'S HOOP SKIRT FACTORY.

We illustrate herewith one of the largest manufacturing establishments of this city, Douglas & Sherwood's Hoop Skirt Factory; an establishment in which 800 women are employed, and 3000 hoop skirts turned out daily.

Five years ago Messrs. Douglas & Sherwood began the manufacture of skirts. At that time haircloth and other heavy materials were the substances most used in the manufacture; but the weight of several such skirts, and the heat generated proving injurious to health, the attention of makers was directed toward the discovery of a substitute, and hoop skirts were invented. When hoops were first introduced, to turn out six skirts per day was considered a fair day's work; now the several factories engaged probably produce over 10,000. In 1855 Douglas & Sherwood removed to Broadway, and set up 200 sewing machines (Wheeler and Wilson's); in 1858 they found the premises too small, and hired three houses in White Street, where they continue the manufacture. They consume a ton of steel per day; of other materials they use, monthly, 150,000 yards muslin, 100,000 feet whalebone, 24,000 spools of cotton, 2,800,000 eyelets, slides, hooks and eyes, etc., 500,000 yards of tape, 225,000 yards of jute cord, and 10,000 yards of haircloth.

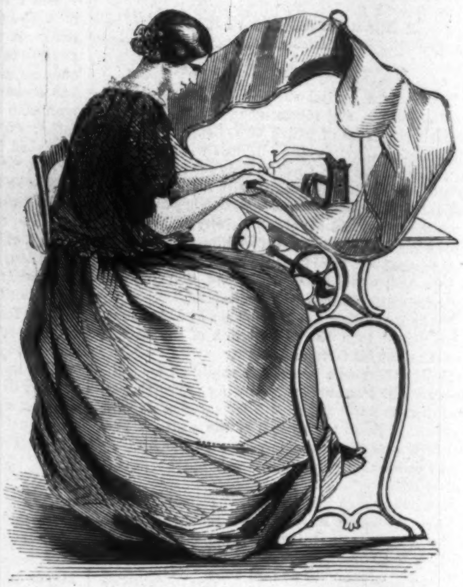


EYELETING MACHINE.

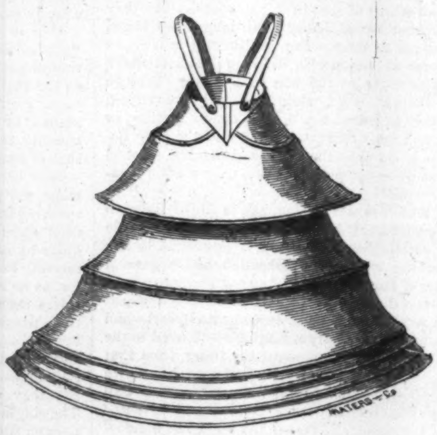


THE FINISHING ROOM.

We are happy to add that Messrs. Douglas & Sherwood have not been forgetful of the mental welfare of their employées. In a building on White Street, adjoining their factory, they have established a free library for the girls, containing 2000 volumes. This will prove a good investment, and is an example well worthy of being followed.



A SKIRT IN PROCESS OF MANUFACTURE.



QUEEN ANN SKIRT.

THE KNIGHT'S LEAP AT ALTENAHR.

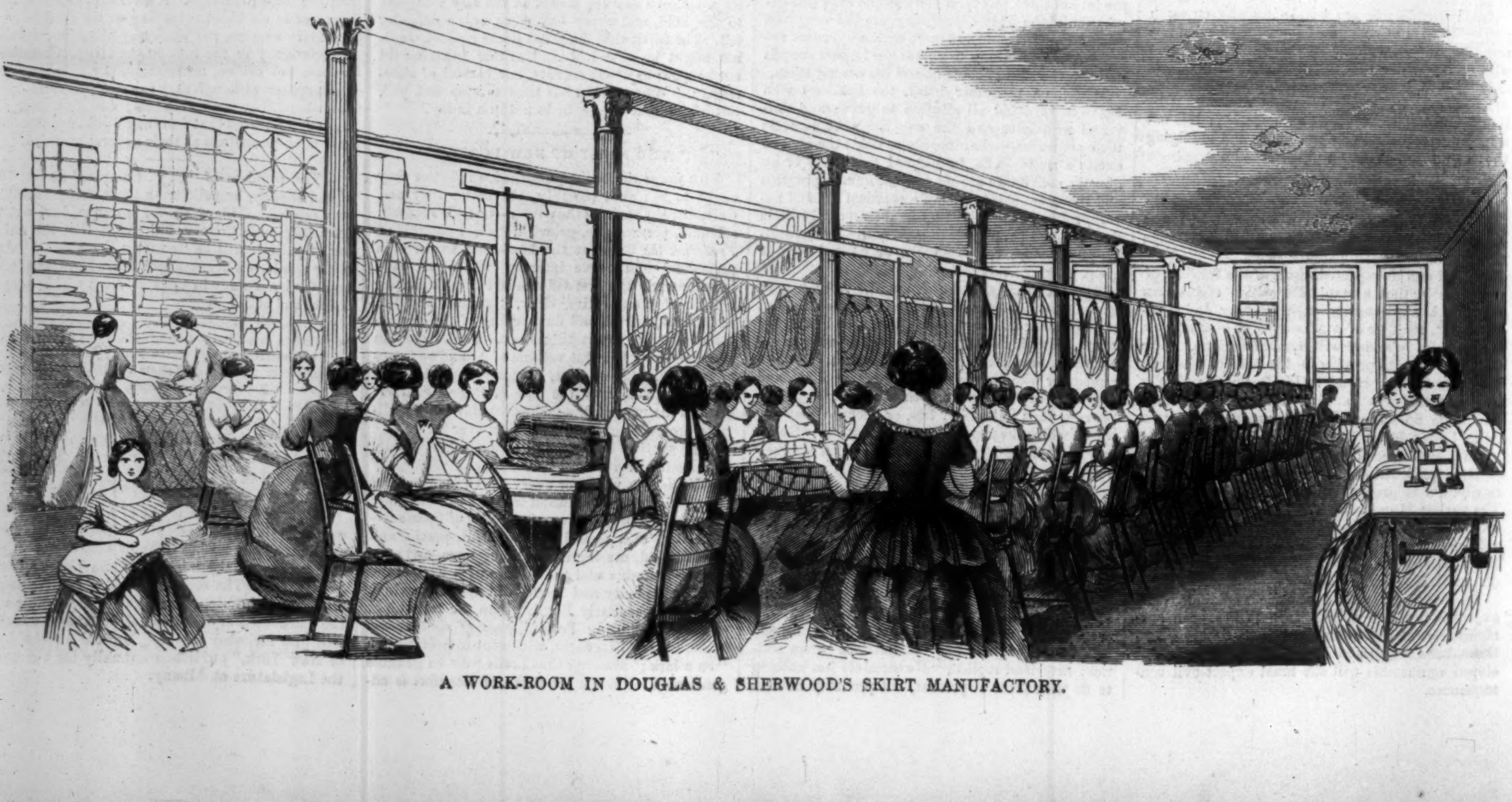
"So the foeman has fired the gate, men of mine,
And the water is spent and done;
Then bring me a cup of the red Ahr-wine;
I never shall drink but this one.

"And fetch me my harness, and saddle my horse,
And lead him me round to the door;
He must take such a leap to-night perforce
As horse never took before."

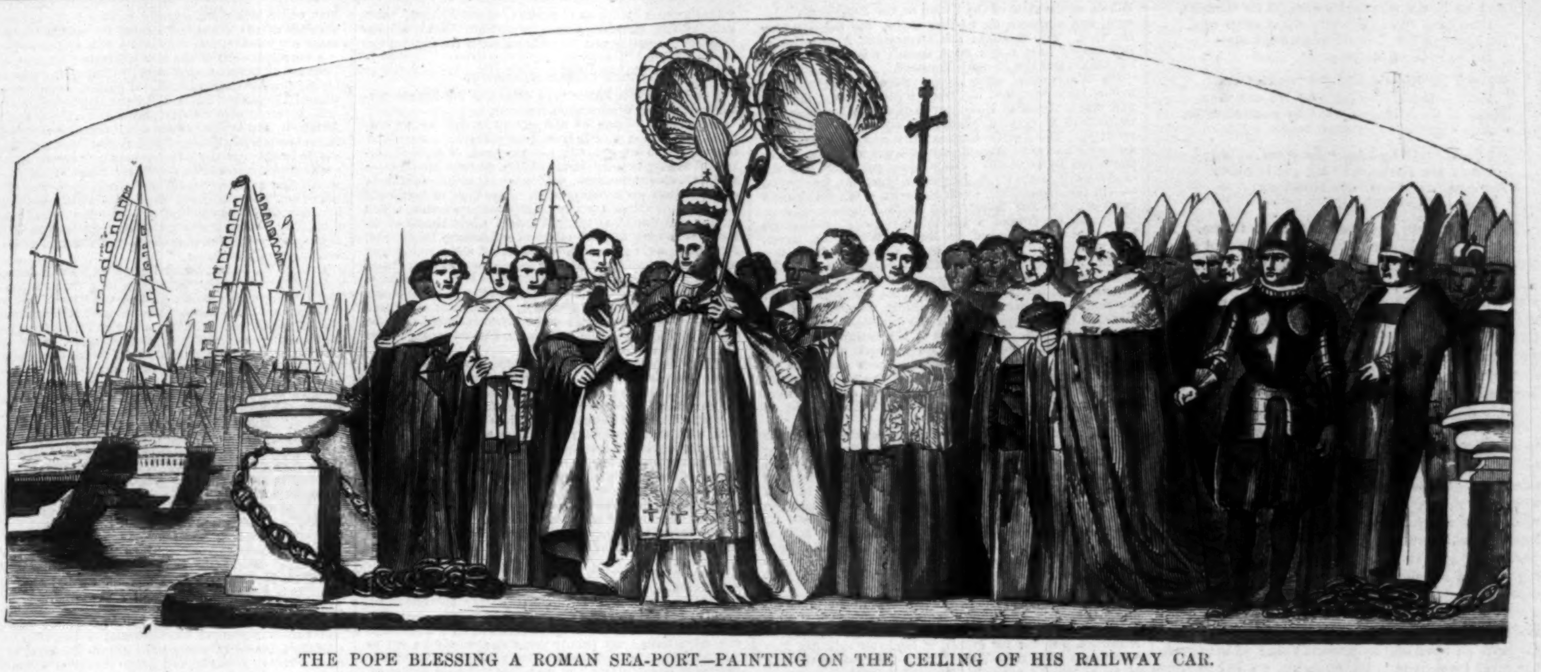
He harness'd himself by the clear moonshine,
And he mounted his horse at the door,
And he took such a pull at the red Ahr-wine
As never man took before.

He spurred the old horse, and he held him tight,
And he leapt him out over the wall;
Out over the cliff, out into the night,
Three hundred feet of fall.

They found him next morning below in the glen,
And never a bone in him whole:
But Heaven may yet have more mercy than men
On such a bold rider's soul.



A WORK-ROOM IN DOUGLAS & SHERWOOD'S SKIRT MANUFACTORY.



THE POPE BLESSING A ROMAN SEA-PORT—PAINTING ON THE CEILING OF HIS RAILWAY CAR.

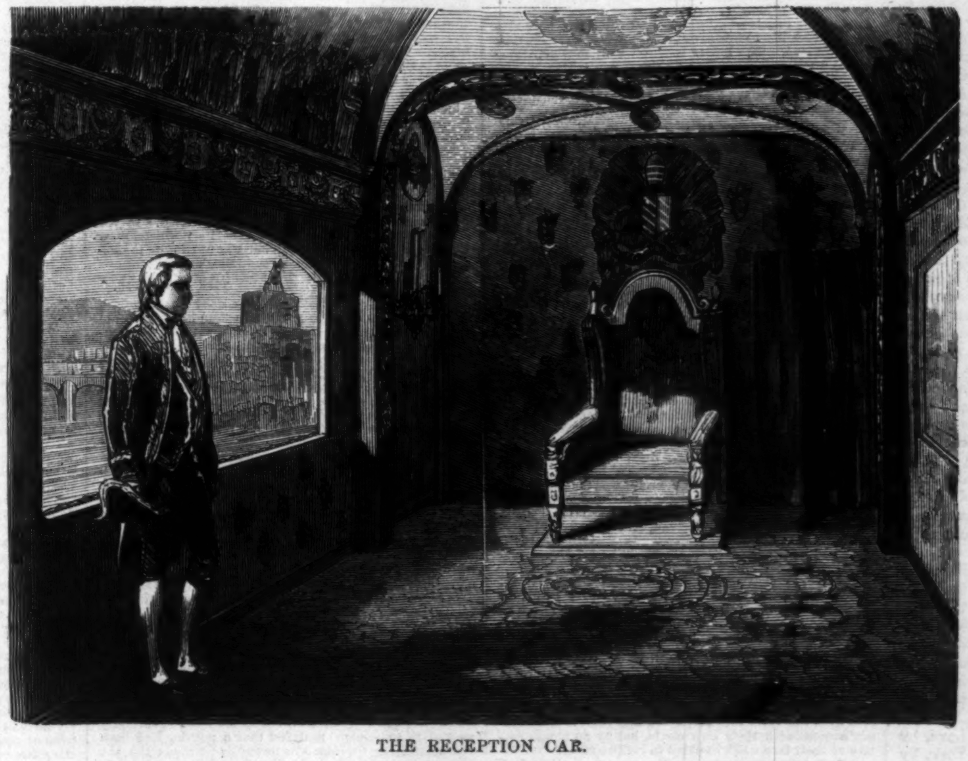
THE POPE'S RAILWAY CAR.

The accompanying illustrations represent a curious blending of old and new things, being nothing less than a state car on the Rome and Naples Railway, intended for the accommodation of the Pope. That a Pope should travel in a railway seems, on the face of it, as preposterous as if one should fancy Achilles smoking a cigar, or Clytemnestra in hoop skirts; but wherever the fault lies, whether the railway has come too soon or the Pope lasted too long, there they are side by side, in actual existence.

We are told by the devout person to whom the description of the Pope's railway car was intruated that eight months were occupied by the architects and builders in its construction. After much doubt and discussion, they at length decided in favor of a car divided into three compartments — an ante-chamber, a bedroom, and a *salon* with a papal chair in it for audiences. The exterior of all these is covered with metal plates, which, in the opinion of the devout person aforesaid, imparts to the whole structure "a severe and noble aspect." Upon and between the plates are bronze bass-reliefs representing the Apostles, Faith, Martyrdom and Truth, the Eucharist, etc., etc.

The interior of the car is said to be extremely grand. Silk, velvet, ivory, ebony, and works of art of the greatest value, meet the eye on every side. The engraving which we give above represents one of the many paintings which cover the ceiling of the ante-chamber: it is the benediction of a new Port by the Pope. All is in keeping. The Reception Car contains no seat but the Pope's; but on one corner stands a table, on which rests a magnificently-bound copy of the Bull of the Immaculate Conception. The bedroom is exquisitely luxurious, though "severely chaste and simple." The bed is inlaid with ivory and ebony; so is the *prie-dieu*. Both are said to be admirably adapted to their respective uses.

So now our readers know how the Pope travels in a railway. We gave them the other day some pictures of the state railway carriage of the Emperor of the French—*his salon*, his ante-chamber, his bedroom, the Empress's bedroom, and the car for the ladies-in-waiting and the aid-de-camps. They are now enabled to draw a contrast between the traveling styles of these potentates and that which is adopted by the President of the United States.

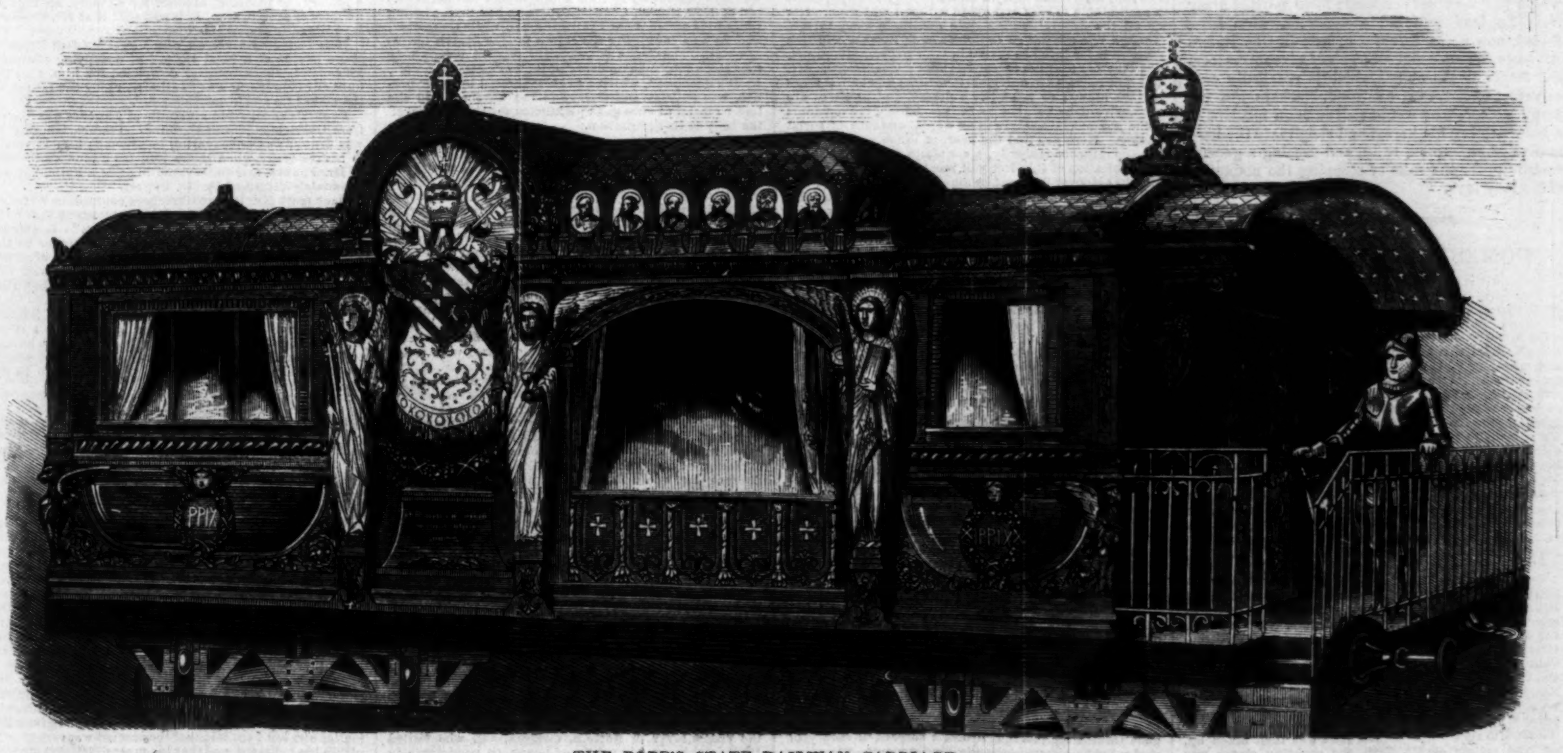


THE RECEPTION CAR.

LITERARY.

Dr. Guthrie is one of the noblest of the modern Scotch divines. We welcome every new book from his pen which Carter & Brothers, from time to time, publish. **Christ and the Inheritance of the Saints** is the latest of these: a collection of discourses on such passages as teach the glories to which Christ makes his people heirs. Thus the first is on "The Inheritance of the Saints in Light," the second on "Who hath delivered us from the Power of Darkness," the next on the translation "into the kingdom of His dear Son;" and then follow, "Redemption through His Blood," and kindred subjects. The learned Doctor, by-the-way, takes occasion, in passing, to hit the subject of Slavery and give us Americans a rap on the institution. But this is only a page, and affords an opportunity for a fine outburst of his peculiar power of eloquence.

The Ballad of Babie Bell, and other poems, by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, is a volume very beautifully printed, and published by Rudd & Carleton. Mr. Aldrich is already well known to the literary world by the exquisite poem which gives title to the volume, as well as by many others which we are glad to see preserved in these pages. We mention in particular **Barbara**, a poem which originally appeared in our columns, entitled "The Duke's Jealousy," and which, with "Babie Bell," are sufficient foundation to sustain any author's claim to be a poet. Mr. Aldrich is, indeed a poet of no ordinary power. His perception of the beautiful in thought is so keen and delicate, his idealism so perfect, that his pen seems to make every thing that he writes overflow with beauty. We can envy him the power which is displayed in such lines as these, under the well-known word **Infelicissimus**:



THE POPE'S STATE RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

And while the moonlight wrought its miracles,
  Drenching the world with silent silver rain,
He spoke of life, and its tumultuous ills—
  He told me of his pain.

He said his life was like the troubled sea
  With autumn brooding over it; and then
Spoke of his hopes—of what he yearned to be,
  And what he might have been.

"I hope," said Lycidas, "for peace at last;
  I only ask for peace! My god is Ease!
Day after day some rude Iconoclast
  Breaks all my images!"

This last verse deserves a golden frame. In looking through this small collection we find other lines that we would willingly extract; but the reader will be better satisfied with the volume itself, and to that we refer him. It is a rare pleasure, in our days, to chronicle so worthy an addition to American poetry. But within a few weeks we have been especially favored in this respect; first by Longfellow's "Miles Standish," then Dr. Holland's "Bitter-Sweet," and now Mr. Aldrich's "Babie Bell."

From Mr. J. K. Curtis, 83 Bleecker Street, we have received (1) his PRICED CATALOGUE OF COINS, MEDALS, AND NUMISMATIC WORKS for sale; and (2) Mr. John H. Hickcox's excellent work on AMERICAN COINAGE. The attention which has been directed to the subject of coin-collecting in this country during the past six months justifies special notice of works like these, and we regret that our want of space forbids a more full description. Mr. Hickcox has furnished us with a very complete history of American Colonial and Federal coinage; while Mr. Curtis's catalogue gives us an idea of the present value of many of the rarer specimens. For example, we find in Mr. Hickcox's book that one Samuel Highley, at Granby, Connecticut, about 1737, made some copper coins from the metal obtained in mines near his house. They bore devices: on one side a deer -legend, "*Value me as you please;*" and, on the other side, "*I am good copper*—1737;" and other legends on other varieties. These coins are now so rare that we find Mr. Curtis has one of them in his collection marked $15. And, again, Mr. Hickcox describes the Chalmers coins of Annapolis, Maryland, of 1783; and Mr. Curtis offers a specimen of the Chalmers shilling for $10. These, of course, are rare and costly specimens; and no novice in collecting must imagine that these prices illustrate the expense of other old and rare coins at Mr. Curtis's store. On the contrary, a very complete collection of excellent coins may be made from this catalogue at a reasonable price; nor is there any mania more pardonable, or one likely to lead to more desirable historical information, than this of coin collecting. Let a young person read books of history for years, and then step into the store where he will see coins of Greece, Rome, Europe in the Middle Ages, and the modern nations of the world, and test his knowledge by these veritable relics, and he will find that his history is very deficient for practical use. But let him collect coins, and he will pick up history with them that he will never forget; and whether he confine his taste to American, or extend it to foreign and ancient coins, he will find every new coin a new volume of history. In this respect we regard Mr. Curtis's store as a place worth visiting; and this, the only American catalogue of the kind we have hitherto seen, an excellent commencement of the Numismatic catalogues of the country.

THE MUSTEE, by B. F. Presbury (published, in Boston, by Shepard, Clark, & Brown), is the story of a slave escaping to the North from New Orleans; an attempt at recapture, under the Fugitive Law; and various family incidents, which are not very probable, but serve to elucidate the author's idea that the institution of Slavery has some serious evils connected with it; which is probably true of most human relations.

CHARITY GREEN; or, the Varieties of Love, by Theodore Harttman (published, in New York, by John W. Norton), is about an English estate which goes begging for an owner, and which finally falls into the possession of little Charity Green, a child whom various other claimants have spirited away from England, and hidden—now down on Long Island, now up at Tarrytown, now in Charleston. All sorts of people and all kinds of adventures form the staple of the story, which is not badly conceived, but not well executed. There are not many authors who would risk such an incident as a lover driving his horses and sleigh into the locomotive of an express train, and causing a general smash-up, for the sake of stopping the abductors of his lady love.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, January 17, in the Senate, Senator Seward presented a resolution inquiring into the number and character of the American vessels engaged in the trade with Africa; adopted. Senator Shields presented, and the Senate adopted, a resolution inquiring into the propriety of organizing the territory west of Minnesota. Admiral Stewart was appointed Senior Flag Officer of the Navy, by 37 to 14. A resolution was introduced by Senator Johnson, of Tennessee, to limit the expenditure of the Government in accordance with the revenues; pending a discussion on which Mr. Harris's death was announced, and eulogies were pronounced by Senators Douglas, Shields, and Davis.——In the House, after some discussion respecting questions of routine, the death of Mr. Harris, of Illinois, was announced, and eulogies were pronounced by Messrs. Clark, Lamar, Washburn, Adrain, and Stewart.

On Tuesday, 18th, in the Senate, Mr. Harris was authorized to receive presents from the Queen of Great Britain. Various resolutions were proposed and adopted, after which the Pacific Railroad Bill was taken up, and the several amendments of Senators Sebastian, Houston, Green, Rice, Ward, Doolittle, and Pugh were put to the vote and lost. Senator Bigler's amendment was put to the vote and carried, and discussion was had thereon by Senators Bell, Gwin, Davis, and Brown.——In the House, on motion of Mr. Sherman, a select committee was appointed to inquire into alleged abuses in Navy-yards. The bill to codify the revenue laws was then taken up, and, on motion of Mr. Keitt, the enacting clause was stricken out. The House went into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union on the President's Message, and a speech on various topics was delivered by Mr. Cox. The Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill having been taken up, a speech was made by Mr. Hickman, and the House adjourned.

On Wednesday, 19th, in the Senate, Senator Pugh moved for a return of the trade with Cuba for the past five years. Senator Hale moved that the President be authorized to restore "dropped" officers of the navy; referred. The Pacific Railroad Bill was then taken up, and a motion of Senator Brown to lay it on the table was negatived by 38 to 19. The subject generally was discussed by Senators Pugh, Benjamin, Simmons, and Davis.——In the House, Mr. Cobb reported a bill ratifying a land grant to the Mobile and Ohio Railroad; passed. Mr. Cobb introduced a bill to amend the pre-emption laws. It was discussed by Messrs. Washburn, Grow, and Walbridge. The House then went into committee on the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill, and the Cuba question was discussed by Messrs. Keitt and Ritchie. On motion of Mr. Colfax, the appropriation for a minister to Persia was stricken out. On motion of Mr. Garnett, the appropriation for the minister to Rome was likewise omitted. On motion of Mr. Curry, the appropriation for the minister to Switzerland was likewise stricken out. The bill, generally, was discussed by Messrs. Lovejoy, Stanton, Crawford, Scales, Barksdale, and Houston. In the evening session speeches were made on various subjects by several members, but no business was transacted.

On Thursday, 20th, in the Senate, Senator Benjamin moved a substitute to Senator Mason's bill empowering the President to use the Army and Navy of the United States in the event of the transit routes being closed, or the citizens of the United States being molested in Central America. The Pacific Railroad Bill was then taken up, and Senator Davis's amendment was discussed by Senators Davis, Green, Doolittle, Iverson, and Brown.——In the House, the bill to amend the pre-emption laws was lost. The House went into Committee on the President's Message, and speeches were made by Messrs. Purviance, Thompson, Phelps, and Cavanaugh.

On Friday, 21st, in the Senate, various memorials were presented. Among others, one for the adoption of specific duties on iron from Pennsylvania; one from Kansas and Nebraska, praying for grants of lands for railroad purposes; one from New York, for an increase in the pay of naval officers, etc., etc. Several private claims were disposed of.——In the House, Mr. Farnsworth asked leave to introduce a resolution directing the Committee on Foreign Affairs to inquire into the expediency of annexing the British Provinces; objected to. The private calendar was then taken up.

On Saturday, 22d, in the House, which was the only branch in session—the Senate having adjourned over from Friday to Monday—resolutions of the Pennsylvania Legislature relative to the subject of the Tariff were presented, and, after considerable discussion, were ordered to be printed. The bill to indemnify citizens of Alabama and Georgia for losses by the Creek Indian hostilities was rejected—thus saving upward of a third of a million to the Treasury. Private bills were then considered until the adjournment.

FRACAS IN THE SENATE.

The *Herald* correspondent telegraphs: "In Executive Session of the Senate on Friday an angry and exciting discussion arose between Judge Douglas and Senator Fitch, when words were used which it is thought may lead to a duel. The debate occurred on the question of confirming Potter, of Ohio, as Collector of Toledo. Mr. Pugh opposed Potter's nomination, as the man displaced was his friend. He said if the President desired an issue with him (Pugh) he was ready for it. He denounced the appointment, and called on every Senator who was his (Pugh's) friend to vote against it. Douglas responded, saying he would vote with the Senator from Ohio. He then branched off on to the Illinois appointments, and said they were dishonest, corrupt, and incompetent. Senator Fitch interrogated Douglas, and said it was untrue. Douglas again reiterated what he had said. Fitch again said it was untrue. Cries of order were then made. Douglas continued the debate. Fitch replied to Douglas with great bitterness, and said that Senators knew how to prize any thing coming from that quarter. Cries of order were again made. Douglas then replied, and was called to order. Motions were then made that Douglas be allowed to go on in order. Jefferson Davis opposed it, and said, turning to Douglas, he had listened with indignation to the language used, and it was that of a highwayman and bravo. The debate was continued some time, when a motion was made and the Senate adjourned. It is said the lie was given, and most severe personal remarks made."

SOCIAL LIFE AT WASHINGTON.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* writes: "Mr. and Mrs. Senator Douglas were never before so popular with the visiting and fashionable world. The receptions of the fair lady are crowded. No party spirit reigns there. All are received with genuine kindness. North and South mingle in genial harmony. The respectable citizen and his family—the stranger from other States and countries—are greeted like old friends when properly presented. The Republicans have a good time of their own. They make amends for their exclusion from the West End by paying attention to each other; content with their own circle, but by no means costive of their fare when enabled to reciprocate.

"The Americans were always a gay omnibus full. Headed by glorious Crittenden, and inspired by jolly John Thompson (not John R.), with Humphrey Marshall, Trippe, Winter Davis, and Morrison Harris, and the rest, they make many a round robin, and cause many a round table to roar and groan with wit and wine. Nor do all the Administration dole out their good things. Though you can not go to Cobb's or to Black's (and you deserve it for being so severe in your paper), others can, and they say that the receptions are very agreeable. Mr. and Mrs. Sickles are universal favorites; nowhere is there a more refined or generous welcome, and nowhere are Pennsylvanians so glad to rally. Among the outsiders—the non-officials—there is an overabundance of social feeling. Here you find the heart of Washington society—a spontaneous sincerity, a contempt for mere wealth, an admiration of intellect you meet nowhere else. Ex-Marshal Hoover is a host in more respects than one, and his kind, gentle, and true-hearted lady is never happier than when making others happy. Then we have Maguire, with his beautiful picture-gallery and his splendid library, his agreeable *réunions*, where you will often meet such celebrities as William C. Rives, of Virginia; Elliott, the artist; Gaylord Clark, of the *Knickerbocker;* Pike, of Arkansas; Prentice, of the Louisville *Journal;* Peter Force, Gales and Seaton, and, when they are in town, Forrest, Brougham, Burton, 'and the rest.' Coyle, of the *Intelligencer;* Heiss, of the *States;* Rives, of the *Globe;* F. P. Blair, of Silver Spring, outside of the town; Beal, the old sergeant-at-arms of the Senate, are among the readiest to see their friends, and even to meet their opponents, at their own houses."

WHAT THE "WANDERER" IS LIKE.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* writes from Savannah:

"The *Wanderer* and the revenue cutter *J. C. Dobbin* now lie near each other in the stream opposite to our city. This afternoon, by the courtesy of the officers of the *J. C. Dobbin*, I was enabled to visit this now too famous craft, the *Wanderer*. She is a perfect model. A schooner of two hundred and twenty-five tons, very sharp, tall masts, immense yards and sails. She was built for fast sailing, and she does it. The lieutenant of the *Dobbin* told me that when they were bringing her round from Brunswick she sailed right away from the cutter.

"The *Wanderer* is well known in New York. She once, I believe, belonged to the yacht club, and was owned by a Colonel Johnson. That gentleman was in command of her at the regatta at Brunswick, Georgia, about one year ago. I saw the flag of the New York Yacht Club on board of her this afternoon. She is fitted up as yachts generally are, very elegantly. The cabin and the captain's state-room are even luxurious. Mirrors, satin-wood furniture, damask and lace curtains, elegant framed engravings, Brussels carpets, a library of choice books, expensive nautical instruments—these form the attractive features of the 'yacht.' The slave-deck, where human beings were packed 'spoon fashion,' muskets, pistols, boarding-pikes, large water-tanks, all betray the disgusting and horrible nature of the last voyage of the 'slaver.'"

THE COURT GALLERY.

A writer in the *Times* thus describes the female portion of Brady's Washington Gallery:

"The best portion of the gallery is that which contains the ladies; and it is in that part where the sight-seers most do congregate. At the head of a goodly array of beauty is the portrait of Mrs. Senator Douglas—a fine, tall, elegant woman, with a sweet, intellectual face, of somewhat dark complexion. The type of feature is rather French than American; and the expression, which is very *spirituelle*, is marked with a slight shade of seriousness which has the effect of enhancing its beauty. Mrs. Douglas is dressed most tastefully, and without that ostentatious display of jewelry so common at the present day, and which marks such miserable taste. A bracelet and a ring are the only articles of jewelry in the picture. The hair, too, is worn in simple flowing *bandes*, which are so much more becoming than the 'combed back' style, in which we have seen the original to less advantage than she appears at Brady's Gallery.

"Next in order comes Mrs. Crittenden; a matronly face, bespeaking firmness with good humor, and showing just so much of the mark of age as to enable you to admire the remarkable preservation of former beauty.

"Miss Lane, the niece of the President, a fine, handsome girl, with an imperious rather than a winning, a handsome rather than a lovable style of countenance, is next to Mrs. Crittenden on the one side, and, on the other, to Madame Le Vert, the lady wit, authoress, and leading spirit of Southern society. Her face is more French than American, but the archness which pervades the features is decidedly American, and still more decidedly Southern. The features are, indeed, more full of pleasing expression than of striking beauty.

THE BELLES OF THE COLLECTION.

"Miss Hale, the daughter of Senator Hale, is next to that of her mother. Both portraits are specimens of beauty; but the observer who permits himself to imagine, from the portrait of Mrs. Senator Hale, how handsome she must have been twenty years ago, would be apt to assign her even a higher place in the scale of beauty than that now occupied by her daughter. The portrait of Lady Gore Ouseley exhibits the diplomacy which has been so effective on the weak-minded person at the head of this nation. Lady Ouseley's is not a handsome nor a very striking face, its chief peculiarity being a sort of *hauteur* which belongs rather to the other side of the water than to this. Mrs. Senator Pugh's portrait is a picture of a happy, mirthful little woman, with just a little dash of temper in to make the character spicy. The face is more of the Yankee cast than of that which one sees most frequently in the Middle or Southern States. Mrs. Conrad's is one of the handsomest portraits in the collection. There is rare grace and elegance of manner in the figure, while the expression of the features does not belie the gift of charming conversation for which this lady is famous. Mrs. Postmaster-General Brown, if one of the stoutest, is by no means one of the least pleasing faces in the collection."

TRIAL TRIP OF THE WINANS STEAMER.

On Thursday last the new iron steamer built by the Messrs. Winans, of Baltimore, made a short excursion of four or five hours, with a small party on board. The performance of this marine novelty is represented by the Baltimore papers as having been entirely satisfactory. Though but half the steam-power was applied to the engine, she made twelve to fourteen miles an hour.

A BALLOON VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

We read in the Troy *Times:* "Mr. John La Mountain, the aeronaut, is again in this city, where he will remain a few days. He has made arrangements for the construction in Boston of a balloon, with which he designs to make an attempt to cross the Atlantic next summer. The money is to be furnished by a wealthy gentleman of the modern Athens, who has sufficient confidence in the practicability of the scheme to make a venture in it. The balloon is to be of silk, with an ascensive power which will make it capable of carrying a life-boat, stocked with provisions, and four passengers. The power it is designed to employ is the gun-cotton engine—one of which, owned by a gentleman of Springfield, Massachusetts, has been tested, and found to operate satisfactorily. Before the venture at sailing over the ocean, it is designed to make three long voyages, starting from Western cities, for the purpose of testing the capacity of the balloon, and the effect of the employment of machinery. Mr. Wise, the 'father of ballooning in America,' who has been in consultation with Mr. La Mountain, approves of his plan in all its details, and will give him the benefit of his remarkable experience in suggestions as to the manner of carrying it out."

A BABY LABELED DRIED APPLES.

Among the miscellaneous freight landed on Saturday morning at the Hudson River Railroad Dépôt was an oblong box from Rhinebeck, which was labeled dried apples. Some of the railroad employés thought the box rather heavy, and, suspecting something wrong, had it opened, when they discovered that it contained a coffin, carefully packed in saw-dust. Satisfied that a murder had been committed, the Coroner was promptly notified; the box and its mysterious contents meantime being removed to the Third Ward Station-house. The Coroner was about opening the box, when Colonel Zadock Pratt entered the room and claimed the coffin. The deceased, it appeared, was his grand-daughter, and a daughter of Colonel Ingersoll of New Haven, Connecticut. She had been visiting him at his residence at Prattsville, and while there died, and he was conveying the corpse to Hew Haven for interment. The box was purposely marked erroneously that there might be no delay in its transportation. Mr. Pratt's statement, which was corroborated by other parties, was entirely satisfactory to the Coroner, and the latter official at once gave permission for the removal of the body to its destination.

PERSONAL.

General Scott had a warm reception in New Orleans on the 6th instant. He was welcomed by Mayor Stith, in the course of his reply to whom he stated that his first advent in public life was made in New Orleans, having been, when a young man scarcely of age, detached on duty to that city. The party then proceeded to breakfast. The stoker of the train, as the General came from the boat, leaped off from the engine, grasped the General's hand, saying, "I served under you in Mexico!" A hearty grasp of the hand was returned, and General Scott inquired kindly after his health. "I voted once for you for President," added the stoker. "But it did him no good," said a by-stander. "It did me good. I can never forget my General!" replied the stoker, with a fervency which showed his heart was in the speech.

As the procession had finished the display proposed for the Eighth in New Orleans, and the carriage containing the veteran General Scott drove up in front of the St. Charles Hôtel, the crowd filled the street and greeted him with loud shouts. As the General descended from the carriage, with his overcoat hanging on his arm, a well-dressed gentleman stepped up to him, and, with the politeness that would have graced a drawing-room, said, "General, permit me to take your coat." Unconsciously the General handed him the garment, and, following his escort, entered the hotel; but the gentleman with the coat failed to appear. He and the coat had disappeared. Some think that his admiration for the old veteran tempted him to keep the garment as a *souvenir* of the meeting, and a memento of the great captain.

The Buffalo *Courier* publishes a letter from Bishop De Lancey, in London, in which he says that "Bishop M'Ilvaine regards himself almost well, and purposes to return to America in February next. Bishop Potter has gone to Cannes, in the south of France, and is rather better. I did not see him, as he left London the very day of my arrival. Archdeacon Sinclair, with whom he has been staying some time, reports him improving, and his wife better. At this time (December 20) he is in Paris."

The negro slave Bob Butts, who buried 1159 victims of the yellow fever in Norfolk, Virginia, and who visited Philadelphia, on his parole of honor, to participate in the imposing ceremonies in honor of the Norfolk martyrs, which took place recently, makes, in the advertising columns of the *Press*, an appeal for assistance to purchase his freedom and that of his wife and two children.

A correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune*, on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, says: "Among the passengers by the *Quaker City* is Dr. J. W. Smith, a resident physician of Acapulco. Dr. S. is the family physician of General Alvarez, who resides about forty-five miles from Acapulco, and is direct from a sojourn of several days at the old chieftain's house. Dr. S. reports General Alvarez, whose health has the last few months been by no means good, now convalescent. Seventy years of age, he still walks firm and erect as in his youth, is playful in conversation, and continues to cherish all his well-known, life-long confidence in the ultimate triumph of the Liberal party. 'There may yet be struggles before us'—this is the style of his conversation—'but triumph ultimately and gloriously we must.'"

George W. Jones, better known as "Bank Jones," so called from his having been for a long time the agent of the United States Bank, died in Cincinnati last week. Thirty years since his mansion stood within two hundred feet of the *Gazette* building, and the handsome grounds surrounding it excited general admiration. He was then *the* rich man of the city, and as the financial agent of the United States Bank, at one time had control of most of the land upon which Cincinnati now stands. Subsequently heavy storms of adversity and domestic afflictions bore heavily upon him, from which he never recovered. About a year ago he was visited with a stroke of paralysis, and was taken to the "Hôtel des Invalides."

The President gave a dinner to about forty members of Congress on the 14th inst. The President's card of invitation is about six inches square. Among those who dined were Hon. William Bishop and lady, Hon. George B. Floyd and lady, Hon. William M. Gwin and lady, Hon. John Slidell and lady, Hon. Elijah Ward, Speaker Orr, and Senator Clingman.

During the past year eighteen Revolutionary soldiers have died: David Chapin, Gideon Bentley, John Titus, William Matteson, Robert Gallup, Zachariah Greene, and David Davis of New York; Zaccheus Robinson and Abraham Rising of Massachusetts; William Turkey and the Rev. John Sawyer of Maine; Thomas Kerowltiu and Elisha Mason of Connecticut; George Wells and Charles Garman of Tennessee; James Bushnell of Vermont: Henry Straight and John Frazer of Ohio. The Secretary of the Interior, in his last annual report, says there are yet two hundred of the patriots of the Revolution living and receiving their pensions.

The *Tribune* says: "The story about the discovery of an ancient Egyptian hotel register, upon which was found the names of 'J. Cobb and E. Sau, Mesopotamia,' is a fabrication. Jacob and Esau were not accustomed to writing their names in that manner."

General Twiggs arrived in New Orleans on the 10th inst., from Texas, under orders from the Department to meet General Scott on matters pertaining to the military division over which this distinguished General has command.

The late difficulty between the Hon. William Montgomery and the Hon. William H. English has been adjusted, and the following card published:

The undersigned—Joseph C. M'Kibbin and C. B. Adrain, friends of the Hon. William Montgomery, and Joseph Lane and William E. Niblack, friends of the Hon. William H. English—having, by consent of the parties, examined fully the facts and circumstances of the late difficulty between them, have come to the conclusion that while Mr. English evidently acted under the impression that an insult had been offered him calling for resentment, yet the evidence does not show that any insult had been offered which authorized the violence he used; and he having expressed to Mr. Montgomery his deep regret for what he had done, we think this apology sufficient, and have mutually accepted the terms as a final adjustment of the difficulty.

Witness our hands, at Washington City, this 13th day of January, A.D. 1859.

For Hon. W. Montgomery.	For Hon. W. H. English.
JOSEPH C. M'KIBBIN,	JOSEPH LANE,
G. B. ADRAIN,	WILLIAM E. NIBLACK.

The Cleveland *Herald* says that Dr. Dally, the drunkard President of the Indiana University, was accustomed, when Presiding Elder, to light his cigar in the pulpit after service, and walk through the aisle puffing the weed and blowing a cloud of smoke that was not incense—but should have incensed the congregation—about the church.

The richest man in Louisville, Kentucky, is the Hon. James Guthrie. His property is assessed as worth $1,382,686.

Dr. Jackson, Dr. Cabot, and Dr. Bowditch have held a consultation upon Theodore Parker's case, and have come to the conclusion that his disease is pulmonary consumption. He will sail very soon for one of the West India islands, probably Barbadoes, with the hope that time and relaxation from labor may work a cure. His society will probably take a smaller hall, and continue their organization and Sunday services.

The removal of Hon. Sherrard Clemens to Washington has produced an impression of his entire recovery. The fact is, that so far from being well he is yet unable to walk or leave his room. His strength has been so reduced by suffering and confinement that in all probability he will not resume his seat in Congress during the present session. He went to Washington with a view to the effect of a change of association.

It is said that W. W. Corcoran, Esq., intends, in the spring, to have erected, in a convenient location in the metropolis, a building for Art purposes, to be given to and for the use of the artists of the country, containing a gallery for painting, another for statuary, another for a school of design, etc. It is also said that Mr. Corcoran is to liberally endow this institution.

It is stated as a reason why Vice-President Breckinridge boards at a hotel instead of occupying the magnificent residence recently completed for him, that the bulk of his property was swallowed up by the failure of the Ohio Life and Trust Company.

Powers's assailant in his studio at Florence was M——, from Charleston, South Carolina. Powers, fancying he was drunk, was endeavoring to persuade him to return to his residence, when M—— inflicted a blow on the face of Mr. Powers, and endeavored to draw a knife, but was fortunately disarmed by Mr. Powers.

Once more Mr. Robert Chambers contradicts (through the columns of *The Bookseller*) the statement that he is the author of the "Vestiges of Creation." It appears that his name is attached to the book as author in the British Museum catalogue, but this was the act of an unauthorized official. Some of the proof-sheets were forwarded to him, and it was in that way, probably, that the rumor originated.

There is in New Orleans a "woman's rights" lecturer calling herself Lady Indiana, who is said to be a sister of the famous Florida chief, Billy Bowlegs, and who was stolen from the Everglades when a child, and subsequently educated in Maryland. She is said to be remarkably intelligent.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

ARISTOCRATIC FAUX PAS.

WE read in the *Times:* "The family of one of its stanchest adherents has lately been overcast with painful gloom, in consequence of an accusation brought against the heir of the house of no less grave a kind than that of playing false at cards. The precise details have not yet been made known to the public, but there is no doubt as to the charge having been made against the honorable and gallant gentleman by a brother officer in the Guards, with whom he was engaged at play when the transaction occurred, at a country house in Hertfordshire. His father was for many years a county member and thoroughgoing adherent of the conservative Whig party. He is connected by blood and marriage with the highest names in England, and not very long ago he was himself created a peer. Great exertions will be made to hush the matter up; but I am told that the accused was very unpopular in his regiment, and that his supercilious airs are now bearing their bitter fruit. By way of a *pendant* to this respectable business we are likely to have an edifying to do in another line with reference to the domestic affairs of another of the 'model class' of society. Lord R—— married some three or four years ago the amiable and accomplished daughter of a gentleman who has lately distinguished himself as a critic of classical literature. In less than a twelvemonth he suddenly disappeared, and it was subsequently found that he had gone abroad in company with a person of notorious character, and with whom he had previously been intimate. After some time he returned home, and his offense was condoned. But in the last few weeks, however, steps are said to have been taken by the injured wife to obtain a divorce; and the case will not improbably be brought before the appointed tribunal for the adjudication of such matters in the course of Easter term."

SUDDEN DEATH OF A BRIDEGROOM.

On Sunday, the 23th, a most melancholy event occurred in Birmingham. A young man named William Eustace, by trade a chaser, was affianced to a young woman residing at Icknield Street, East. The wedding-day, fixed for Sunday last, found the bride dressed in her wedding attire. Ten o'clock was the hour for the meeting of the parties before they went to church, but the husband elect came not. The clock had struck twelve when tidings arrived that the dead body of the bridegroom lay within a few yards of the house where he was expected. It appears that, punctually to the time, young Eustace, dressed in his wedding suit, had arrived within a door or two of his intended's house, when he had occasion to go to a place of convenience. Neighbors who saw him enter the place were surprised, after the lapse of an hour, that he did not make his appearance. An entrance being effected, the poor man was found quite dead upon the floor; the inference being that he must have been seized with a fainting fit while upon the seat, and that falling forward, he had got jammed within the narrow space between the seat and the door, and thus was suffocated. The ring was found in Eustace's pocket.

A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

An accident of a singular character occurred a few days ago, on the Midland Railway, in Peterborough. There is a coal wharf beside the line at the crossing, near the Crescent, where a youth named John Jackson, aged 16, was engaged, with a man, in unloading a truck of coals. The man was summoned away to the gate, and Jackson, hearing a train coming, jumped down to remove a wheelbarrow which he thought might be in the way. In trundling the barrow up the line he got his right foot wedged in between the points. The train was rapidly approaching, and the poor lad called for help, making every effort to liberate his foot. His efforts and cries were in vain, and with great presence of mind he threw himself on the ground to take his body out of the way. The train rushed on, the wheels passing over and crushing his right foot. He was conveyed to the infirmary, and in the course of the day the foot was amputated above the ankle.

DR. PUSEY AND MISS SELLON.

The Roman Catholic *Tablet* says: "An absurd but malignant report is current in the religious world, that Dr. Pusey and Miss Sellon have been for some time married in a private or clandestine manner. This offensive slander is, no doubt, founded on the prolonged residence of that estimable lady in the reverend gentleman's house at Christ's Church, whither she repaired some time ago for spiritual consolation and rest."

FRANCE.

THE PROSPECT OF WAR.

By the arrival of the *Europa* we have news from Europe to 8th inst. Napoleon's remarks to the Austrian Minister still exercise a depressing influence, notwithstanding a soothing paragraph in the *Moniteur*. Accounts from Italy indicate a rapidly approaching crisis. The Paris Bourse had at one time declined 2¼ per cent. since New Year's.

BARON HUBNER INSULTED BY THE EMPEROR.

The usual levee was held at the Tuileries on New-Year's Day. The diplomatic corps and all the great functionaries were in attendance, and during the presentations an event occurred which occasioned quite a panic on the Paris Bourse, and a heavy fall in the funds at London and elsewhere.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, writing on the evening of the 1st inst., says:

"I have just heard that during the levee to-day, the Emperor told the Austrian Minister (Hubner) that he regretted their relations (*rapports*) were so bad, but that his personal sentiments for the Emperor of Austria were the same as ever. I may add that a rumor circulates—but for the truth of which I do not vouch—that Marshal Vaillant, Minister of War, went up subsequently to Hubner and said to him, 'I suppose I must not give you my hand after that.'"

The same correspondent, writing on the following day, says:

"The few words addressed by the Emperor to M. Hubner, the Austrian Minister, during the reception of yesterday, and which I communicated in a postscript, are, I find, literally correct. They were spoken with a more emphatic tone of voice and animated gesture than the Emperor generally employs, and reminded some of the listeners of a scene between the First Consul and the English Embassador of that day previous to the rupture of the Treaty of Amiens."

POLITICAL PRISONERS PARDONED.

The *Moniteur* of the 31st December announces that the Emperor has granted a full pardon or commutation of sentence to 164 convicted persons, two of whom had been condemned to death.

NO REDUCTION IN THE FRENCH ARMY.

The Paris correspondent of the *Daily News*, writing on Monday evening, says: "You will remember that some two or three months ago there was great talk of a large reduction in the French army. The rumor was so studiously accredited that many people believed it. A paragraph, which went the round of several English journals, affirmed that the extent of the reduction would be no less than 100,000 men. It was positively said that the reduction would be effected gradually, by calling out fewer recruits than usual. Well, it turns out that the Government calls under arms every man that it can lay its hands upon. The entire contingent for the year is ordered to join; and this is a thing unprecedented in time of peace. It is already said that the camps of instruction for 1859 will be unusually large. An army of 80,000 men near the Italian frontier is spoken of."

DEATH OF A CELEBRITY.

The *Express* correspondent writes: "Paris has just lost one of its celebrities, Baron Delmar. For more than thirty years the small-talk of the saloons has often been founded upon the eccentricities of this strange personage, who possessed an immense fortune, and spent it most lavishly. Delmar was a living personification of a modern Gil Blas. In early life he had tried many expedients to gain a subsistence, and finally went off to South America, where he amassed in a few years a hundred and twenty millions of francs, or six millions of revenue. After having bought property in Prussia, England, and Italy, he finally settled himself for the rest of his life in Paris, where he lately died. We read of ancient gourmands that, when they invited a friend to dine, the invitation was sent a year and a day in advance. Baron Delmar only asked a month's delay, and his table was then laden with equal wonders. He is said to have once given six thousand francs for the green peas served up at a dinner in the month of March; and not dear at that, he said, when it was taken into consideration that an English lady of great beauty was to be one of the guests. One of the most frequent visitors at his table was his wife's father, Admiral Sidney Smith, one of the heroes of Trafalgar. The Baron used to compliment the old Admiral upon handling the best knife and fork in Europe.

"Delmar was always very much liked in Paris for his amiable qualities and kindly heart. Never forgetting that he had risen from nothing, he delighted in aiding all who were worthy of assistance. His first choice of men was in favor of a good cook, then a musician, then a novelist. By his orders copies of all the new books which appeared were purchased, no matter what their character. 'I shall get clear,' he used to say, 'by sending those which are badly written to the trunk-maker.'

HOW HE BORE HIS BLINDNESS.

"Many anecdotes are told of this singular man. One more and I have done. In the midst of a grand ball which he gave one night, some years before the last Revolution, to the old nobility and people of fashion, he was heard to utter a loud cry, which at once attracted attention to him. An invisible power had suddenly and without warning deprived him of sight. It was, of course, imagined that so cruel a blow would have destroyed the gayety of any man. It did not thus seem to affect Delmar. 'Fortune does not desert me,' he said. 'After having showered all her favors upon me, she has at last placed her bandage over my eyes.' A few years later, during the troubles of '48, he remarked to his friends, 'People pity my blindness. *You*, of course, understand why I am now a gainer by it. I see nothing of what is going on—nothing. If I only had the luck to become suddenly deaf, too!'"

WHY MORPHY DIDN'T TAKE THE KNIGHT.

The Paris correspondent of the *National Intelligencer* says: "The following story has been related to me, illustrative of the philosophy of chess, a game which enjoys the traditional admiration of Dr. Franklin, as requiring the exertion of every originating faculty of the mind. In the course of one of the games between Messrs. Morphy and Anderssen, a move of the former excited much surprise among the by-standers. He had declined to take a piece, which, although apparently an exchange of knights, would have resulted, it was thought, conclusively in his favor. The game proceeded, nevertheless, without verbal comment, and was rapidly won by Mr. Morphy. No sooner did he deliver the 'checkmate' than one of the most intense lookers-on, breathless with pent-up emotion, exclaimed, 'For the love of Heaven, tell me why you did not take the knight!' 'Because,' said Mr. Morphy, all alive to the nature of his friend's concern, 'it was a deep-laid plot. In a few moves I should have lost the game by a stalemate. Mr. Anderssen saw the game was desperate, and he planned this snare for me.' So saying, he replaced the pieces as they had been at the critical moment, and demonstrated the result by a series of moves which would have been inevitable had he taken the knight. 'Was I not right, Mr. Anderssen?' 'Precisely,' ejaculated the bewildered gentleman, thinking possibly that the Prince of Darkness was not without a share in the composition of the young stranger."

HOW TO MAKE BOYS TAKE COD LIVER OIL.

The correspondent of the *Express* writes: "I have an amusing little story to tell, which may serve the double purpose of amusing all, and giving many of your readers a capital hint. Every body knows how repugnant to the taste is cod liver oil, in any disguise whatever. Its excellent qualities as a medicament are equally undeniable, and grown people therefore manage to swallow it, when the doctor so ordains. But who has ever contrived to induce a child to take a second dose of cod liver oil? I dare be sworn that such a prodigy of address never was accomplished until Madame D——, a Parisian mother, set the example. Madame D——, has a son six years old, who is the incarnation of caprice and self-will, like many another spoiled child. The family physician, some time ago, ordered a table-spoonful of cod liver oil to be administered to the boy every evening. The mother knew that if he swallowed the nauseous extract once, it would be *once* only, unless force were employed, and this means she was loth to adopt. The mother, in the child's presence, described in glowing terms a sirup from the East, of which the Sultan and his favorites are so fond that little could be obtained for exportation until lately. Even now none but grown persons can sip this marvelous elixir, whose virtues are written in no language but Latin. Children have never been allowed to taste it. After all this had been carefully said a dozen times, little pitcher's ears being very wide open, tea was served, and with it a bottle of the delicious sirup in question, which every body—the grown people—tasted and pronounced exquisite—superb! An uncle, who knew his part by heart, smacked his lips, and begged for more. Between you and I, the beverage was nothing but apple-sirup. After all had been served twice, the bottle was carefully locked in the sideboard.

"The same performance was solemnly repeated for several evenings. At last the child, who had not lost a joint of what had occurred, and deeply mortified to think that his youth stood between him and the delightful sirup, ventured to ask his mother to let him taste it—only a spoonful.

"'Is it possible you can think of such a thing!' exclaimed Madame D——. 'Oh, dear no! If it were known that you drank Sultan's sirup, no one could consider you a little boy any longer, and people would be asking you the time of day, or the price of stocks!'

All this of course only tended to increase the child's curiosity; and the next day, his mother, appearing to yield to his entreaties, promised that perhaps a spoonful might be given him that evening. On this occasion, twin bottles were brought forth, and while the comedians took each a small glass of apple-sirup as before, Master Alfred gulped down a good dose of cod liver oil. And he did it with pride and joy, too, despite its horrible taste; fully persuaded, as he was, that his elders were permitting him to imitate them. No one asked him how he liked it, and after lavishing new praises upon the elixir, it was again carefully put away. The next evening, the same, performance was repeated, and the next, and the next; the child's vanity being always excited to the requisite point. And so well did Madame D—— and her accomplices play out the comedy, that to this day, whenever little Alfred is willful, or disobedient, or lazy, or obstinate, or fretful, all his mother need say is, 'if you are not a good boy, you shall have no sirup to-night.' And the menace works like a charm!"

A PAINTING BY LOUIS NAPOLEON.

The *Times* correspondent writes: "A picture was lately exhibited in a show-window of the Rue Lafitte, of which the subject was a Cuirassier charging the enemy, and which bore at the bottom the artist's name, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. This picture, of an admirable execution, recalling the pictures of Gericault in its style, was painted in the prison of Ham, and given, by its now illustrious author, as a present to an officer of artillery. A gentleman passing entered the shop the day after it was first exposed, and asking the price, was told five hundred francs. It was at once retained by the gentleman, who was an *attaché* of the Imperial Museum, and the drawing will appear in the department known as the Museum of the Sovereigns."

PARIS AT NEW YEAR.

The *Herald* correspondent says: "This is the season when strangers really desirous of witnessing what is characteristic in Paris should visit it. The more aristocratic *habitués*, with their plate-glass windows, their enameled furniture, their drawers, doors, counters, chairs *en bois sculpté*; their walls hung with resplendent mirrors, their floors inlaid and tesselated—till the customer almost feels an apology required for intruding the sole of his foot upon them—give way to a screen extending for miles along their frontage, of little boarded huts, exhibiting a *façon* peculiarly its own, and having principally but one object—the taste of *la jeune France—pas encore dorée*; that is, not yet out of petticoats. The very dress of the *marchands*, the manner in which their wares are disposed, as well as the novelty and peculiarity of what they have to sell, is a study. There is the high cap of Normandy, the strange kirtle and lappets of La Vendée, the semi-Moorish aspect from Marseilles; but chief of all, there is the curious *mélange* which issues from the back slums of the Faubourg St. Antoine, which, while it retains something of the original *pays* of the wearer, has yet caught considerable new lights from the capital of its adoption. Oh, what a sight it is to see the frontage of that *mélange* of deal boards extending from the graceful pillars of La Madeleine to that which commemorates the destruction of the Bastile at the grand Place of St. Antoine! Those good eight miles it reaches, and all the wonders of Aladdin's lamp are common things compared with what is there given to view. The spinning and buzzing mannikins whirling by a species of battledore machinery, perfectly fearful to behold; balloons of every shape, human and bestial; optical instruments perfectly necromantic, mechanical, and scientific; ditto demonstrative of juvenile mathematics; dolls, fiddles, balls, guns, drums, mirrors, oranges by the million, and sweetmeats by the million. Then the tooting. Good God, what voices! A man rigs up a lamp, superposes the cotton wick, snuffs it, takes it off again, again replaces it, and discourses a sweet eloquence never ending, never tiring, which is perfectly stunning. Another fellow takes a steel pen, flourishes over a ream of foolscap, makes swan, geese, mice, eagles, and Heaven only knows what besides, while his tongue keeps one incessant beat, the sound of which is only so far intelligible as making known to all past, present, and to come that it is the pen that does it, and not he."

ITALY.

EMEUTE AT MILAN.

The Turin *Independent* states that a serious disturbance, approaching almost to an *emeute*, has taken place at Milan, originating in an altercation between the people and some soldiers. A commencement was made in unpaving the streets, but order was re-established without difficulty. Cremona and Lodi are reported as in a state of agitation.

ALARMING STATE OF LOMBARDY.

The Turin correspondent of the *Times* says: "Information of unpleasant occurrences, significant of the alarming discontent there prevailing, continues to reach us from Lombardy. On the walls of the town of Pavia are seen various seditious inscriptions. A letter from Brescia states that an officer had been beaten by the people for refusing to desist from smoking in the street. From Milan we learn that the man who lately insulted the Archduke and his wife, when they were walking in the outskirts of the town, proves to be insane. An incident has occurred at Milan which would make it appear as if the Archduke began to lose patience and to feel discouraged in his conciliatory attempts, although it is true that the person against whom his displeasure had been displayed, and his power exerted, is not an Italian, but a native of Carinthia. The Archduchess was passing in her carriage before one of the *cafés* of Milan, among the persons standing in front of which was Prince Alfonso Porcia, a nobleman from Goritz, who has long resided at Milan. Either not being certain that it was the Archduchess, or else because he did not wish strongly to mark the difference between himself and the Italians among whom he was standing, he made but a half-salute, raising his hand to his hat, but not removing it. On the evening of the same day he received orders to quit Milan immediately, with the option of retiring to his estate at Spithal, in Carinthia, or of traveling abroad. The Prince immediately left Milan for Genoa, and on reaching the frontier he found a commissary of police, who had preceded him thither in order to make sure that he obeyed the injunctions he had received. The Archduke is said to have been excessively angry at what he considered a slight shown to his wife on the part of a noble of one of the old Austrian provinces. Prince Porcia, however, has for many years worn glasses, and it is thought perfectly possible that a doubt as to whom the lady in the carriage was may have been the cause of the insufficiency of his salute."

GERMANY.

THE NET RESULT OF THE GAMBLING SEASON.

With one exception the gaming establishments of the continent have had a most prosperous season, and have distributed enormous dividends. The Wiesbaden Bank, in spite of the heavy contributions which it is forced to pay to the town, has paid a dividend of 25 per cent. That of Homburg was larger, notwithstanding a loss of 800,000 francs which inaugurated the season. This heavy loss sent the new shares down to a price lower than the dividend subsequently distributed, but they were eagerly purchased by the directors, who realized a fortune by the result. The petty tables at Wildungen netted nearly 200,000 francs, gained almost exclusively from the neighboring peasants. Spa carried away above 1,000,000 francs, and Baden-Baden, in spite of the expense to which it is put by French newspaper puffs, gained above 700,000 francs. These figures ought to deter English tourists from tempting fortune at the public tables. The immense sums gained by the latter are derived almost exclusively from small players who can not afford to lose.

RUSSIA.

THE RUSSIANS BECOMING TEETOTALERS.

Temperance seems to be making progress among the peasantry in Russia. A communication from the Governor of Kovno, in the *Indicateur Economique*, states that the peasants of that Government took an oath in the churches three months ago not to drink brandy for the future; and they have fully kept their promise ever since, notwithstanding the seductions of all descriptions which the tavern-keepers have thrown in their way, and although strong drinks have considerably diminished in price. The taverns and public houses, which formerly sold sixty vedros of brandy in the month, can scarcely dispose of five at present in the same time, even in good localities. Many proprietors think of renouncing the distillation of spirits, formerly so profitable.

INDIA.

THE CLOSE OF THE WAR.

The *Times* correspondent writes: "The campaign languishes, for the enemy are beaten. Fort after fort is surrendered or captured, and the Begum is the only leader of importance left in Oude. Mithowlee was evacuated on the 8th of November, after a short bombardment; and Amethee, the strongest place in Oude, on the following day. The latter was menaced by Sir Hope Grant, and great resistance expected. The rajah is a brave man, and was known to have some 8000 troops and about thirty pieces of artillery. His fort is two miles round, defended by an almost impassable jungle, and provisioned for some months. The rajah, however, had no heart for the contest, and was, besides, like all the rebel leaders, eaten up, bullied, and insulted by his Sepoys. The Queen's amnesty promised him life, the civil authorities added some consolatory phrase about his estates, and he surrendered himself. His followers dispersed, and hundreds will accept the amnesty. Indeed, I am told Southern Oude has made up its mind, and the people are coming in daily. Every man, on surrendering his arms, receives a written pass, which entitles him to return to his village and live in peace till called on by civil authority. Of course he will not be called on unless he is mischievous, and a Hindostanee will never stir until he has got arms. In Bhojore the same process is going on. Umur Singh has been captured; some of his followers are coming in, and the remainder are wandering among the hills round Rhotas, without leader, place, or hope. Between Calcutta and Delhi the only rebel force left, more important than a gang of dacoits, is that which obeys, or disobeys, according to the humor of the hour, the orders of the Begum. This force is in a trap, with Colonel Troup on one side, Brigadier Rowcroft on the other; the Gogra in front, and the Nepaulese Terai behind. They must yield, or make a rush to pass Colonel Troup, and make for Rohilcund. They can not raise that province again, and, whatever they do, are rather a nuisance than a serious danger. Tantia Topee, who has crossed the Nerbudda, and by the last accounts reached the Taptee with his cavalry, is far more formidable. The audacious dash by which he contrived to pass all the four field forces watching for him, and cross the Nerbudda, is really most creditable to his generalship. He has, however, none but mounted followers; and we have faced and conquered Mahratta leaders as able, and ten times as powerful, in the same region. The only real danger lies in the possibility of his reaching the neighborhood of Poonah. The whole of that territory is disaffected, and the Brahmins, deprived of all influence, and menaced by the Enam Commission in their possessions, are ready to follow any body who promises them even an hour of triumph.

"I consider the revolt, as a national or military movement, finally at an end."

HOW THE NATIVE CHIEFS LIVE.

Speaking of a small fort just captured, Mr. Russell says: "Inside, the place was something like Amethee, only that the central residence was not so fine. An old Brahmin, very sick, was the sole human being to be found, but a 'must' elephant—a male suffering from a temporary derangement, owing to a disappointment in some love affair—was tied by chains in the court-yard, gun bullocks wandered about, and doolies, tents, a spring van, litters, and various stores lumbered the inclosures, which were full also of bedsteads and a few articles of furniture. Only a few old matchlocks could be found, after the minutest search, and, as if in mockery, four very small brass guns—mere children's playthings, were laid out in a row in front of one of the verandas. In the women's apartments some miserable daubs left upon the walls showed that those who lived there must have been vile and depraved indeed. Idols abounded in the rooms; some bad engravings, an Oriental dream of the Duke of Wellington, and embossed drawings of wild beasts hung up in the divan, in which were also glass chandeliers, covered with linen bags, as if 'the season was over.' In the rooms around the courts immense quantities of ghee-nuts, wheat, and corn were found; also a laboratory for making powder, and about 9000 pounds of that article of native manufacture."

COCHIN CHINA.

MURDER AND OUTRAGE ON CHRISTIANS.

We have already referred to the execution of Bishop Melchoir in Tonquin. A writer gives the following details of the outrage: "On the 28th July last, at seven o'clock in the morning, the troops, elephants, horses, etc., left the city for the place of execution, by the north gate. They led with them the two young servants of the venerable martyr; both of them wore heavy cangues on their necks, and went on foot to receive joyfully the martyr's palm. On arriving at the place a great circle was formed, and the executioner tied the two young men to two posts placed near each other. They were kept for about an hour in this position of torture. After this scene occurred one more cruel and terrible, to which I would direct your reverence's attention. After the attendant had led the two young men to the place of punishment, they brought forth the venerable bishop by the east gate. The whole of the circumstances with which they conducted the venerable victim to his death was truly terrible. His eminence was led through all the streets of the city with a heavy chain round his neck; in his hand he carried a breviary. Twenty guards, sword in hand, surrounded him. The escort of the three prisoners consisted of about 500 soldiers, two elephants, four horsemen, two men bearing instruments called *chieng*, a drummer, and four trumpeters. When the bishop reached the scene of his glorious martyrdom he was covered with sweat and mud. On seeing his two servants, who were awaiting the blow which should let their spirits soar to heaven, his eminence exhorted them to courage and gave them his blessing. A few moments later, the mandarin, who was seated on one of the elephants, raised his voice, and ordered the heads of the two servants to be first cut off, and afterward those of the *kou* (the term applied to Catholic priests). At a given signal the head of one of the servants, named Tiep, was struck off; but three blows were requisite to effect this. The executioner then took the head and flung it into the air, that it might be seen by every body. The executioner then struck off the head of the second, named Hieu, but on this occasion struck with a more fortunate hand, for he only needed a single blow.

HOW THE BISHOP WAS TORTURED.

"Let us now pass on to the horrible torture suffered by the venerable bishop. The two servants having been executed, the executioner stretched a mat on the ground, placed a small carpet upon it, broke the chain which was round the neck of his eminence, and made him lie down on his back upon the matting. The bishop wore at this time nothing but a pair of trowsers turned up to the thighs. The victim being thus placed, the executioner took two stakes, which he fixed in the ground on each side of him, and to which his hands were tightly bound by cords, causing great pain. Two others were then placed under his armpits and crossed over the chest of the bishop, so as to press it tightly. Two other posts were then set up at a short distance from his feet. The cords with which the feet were bound were passed round these posts and stretched violently, the feet being then pegged down; the loins were similarly secured. It would be difficult to conceive the tortures of the venerable prelate, thus bound and racked. An order was then issued first to cut off the feet, then the hands, afterward the head of the martyr, and lastly to eviscerate him. At this order five executioners commenced their frightful duty. They were armed with a kind of bill-hook or hatchet, purposely blunted in order to inflict greater suffering. They commenced by cutting off the legs above the knees, each limb receiving about twelve blows before it was severed. The same process was repeated with the arms. But the power of speech now failed the happy martyr, who, so long as strength remained, had not ceased to call on the name of Jesus. His head was then struck off after repeated blows, and lastly his body was opened, and his entrails drawn out with a hook.

"Such is the exact account of the death and torture of our dear Melchoir, near the very spot which had been consecrated two years earlier by the martyrdom of his predecessor. Immediately after the execution the different parts of the body were wrapped up in the mat and thrown into a pit dug for the purpose. The Tonquinese wished to make the elephants pass over the spot, so as to trample under foot the grave of the venerable confessor of our faith; but these animals, less savage, and, we may almost say, more humane than their masters, obstinately refused to do so, as if they would not profane the relics of the noble martyr."

AFRICA.

PROGRESS OF DR. LIVINGSTONE.

Intelligence has been received from Dr. Livingstone, up to the 4th of October. Writing on that date from the "Kongone River," to the Rev. W. Thompson, he states:

"MY DEAR MR. THOMPSON,—I could not possibly write you by last opportunity from the Zambesi; but there was so little to communicate you were no loser. We have now had more time to look about us, and I think we have ascertained the point that entering this river at the time we did is nearly quite safe, if no delay takes place among the mangrove swamps. We have been favored with fair health, and have had ailments more like common colds than fever. Two of the party are now at Tete, and the others hope to join them shortly. We got a ton and a half of coals there, the first ever taken out of the earth in that country; and as the Portuguese have shown a great deal of public spirit we are almost sure of a larger supply when we return.

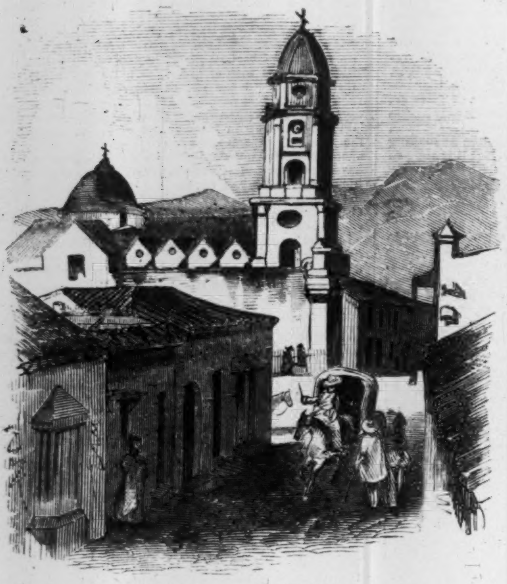
"We found the country in a state of war, and the Portuguese were too busy with that to help us with canoes. It is finished now, and my old friend, Major Locard, at once assisted us with luggage; but it has quite depopulated the land adjacent to the river. We see the river in this month at its very lowest; and, as it spreads out into from one to three miles in width, the broad parts are very difficult. When we get up to Lupata our difficulties vanish, for above that point it is in one or two channels of about 1000 or 1200 yards broad. I admire its size more than ever. When I came down in a canoe it was full, and I saw but one channel where now are two or three. If the Portuguese would be at the expense of a few piles driven in to effect what snags sometimes do now, deep channels might be secured for the whole year. They are going to build a fort and custom-house at this or the Luabo. With kind regards, etc.,

"DAVID LIVINGSTONE."

HAYTI.

ANOTHER REVOLUTION.

Details of the revolution in Hayti have been received. The constitution of 1846 has been proclaimed, and numerous decrees promulgated by the provisional President. One of the decrees liberates all the political prisoners, and another deprives Soulouque of his power, while his administration is characterized as having been a series of robberies. The republicans had taken possession of St. Marks, where they intended to remain until strong enough to meet the forces of Soulouque in the field, or to attack him at Port-au-Prince.



STREET IN HAVANA.

NOTES ON CUBA.

NEAR HAVANA, *December*, 1858.

THIS is the season at which Cuba is truly enjoyable. Though the yellow fever prevails without interruption throughout the year on the coast, the weather inland is heavenly, and thoroughly salubrious. The thermometer stands at about 70° Fahrenheit, and there is a balmy freshness in the air which prompts people to live as much as possible out-of-doors.

Nor should I fail to add that the planters of the Island of Cuba are, without doubt, among the noblest fellows in the world. Our own Southern planters are delightful people. Many of them are rich; all are hospitable; some are intelligent, appreciative, and refined. But they do not excel the best Cubans either in refinement, or in intelligence, or in wealth. As to riches, it may be doubted whether the world contains men wealthier than some of the most opulent Cuban planters. This is not a commercial country, and planters, of all men in the world, are not in the habit of making inventories of their assets, or "taking stock." If they did, more than one Cuban planter might show an estate yielding perhaps little less than a million of dollars a year. What becomes of this wealth? you will ask. A great portion of it is squandered in the lotteries, at the gambling-table, in the fashionable societies of Europe, where the youth of Cuba now cut so conspicuous a figure. Many planters buy land and slaves with every dollar they save, and thus add to their income every year, but run the risk of losing all by a political revolution or a servile rebellion. As to hospitality, the Cubans are the soul of that virtue. You may go to a wealthy and good-natured Cuban planter's early in December, and stay till March, without even seeming to encroach upon his domestic habits. On the contrary, if you are a decently well-bred man, and can make yourself moderately agreeable, you are doing him a favor by using his house, his horses, and all that belongs to him. His wife and daughters are glad of your society; his servants are glad to wait upon you; the neighbors welcome you. You must be a very disagreeable curmudgeon indeed if you are not happy with such surroundings. And if, at the close of the day, when the *piquante soubrette*, with an olive skin and sparkling eyes, lights you to your room, you can honestly express a desire to be out of Cuba, you must be hard to please.

Cuba is but little less in size than England, and has a population about equal to that of Virginia. Nearly two-thirds of its people are colored. Every body knows that it is the garden of the West Indies; and that, under proper laws and a wise administration, its population might readily be doubled, and its production enormously increased. Small as its population is, however, and gravely as import and export duties militate against the development of its commerce, its trade with the United States is more important than that of the United States with France. Last year we took from Cuba some $50,000,000 of produce, and sent thither goods and produce worth $20,000,000. Every box of sugar exported from Cuba paid the Government of Spain 87½ cents. before leaving its shores; every barrel of flour imported from the United States paid $10 75; and every barrel of pork and beef 35 per cent.

The annual revenue of Cuba has been estimated at $13,000,000, derived from import and export duties, direct taxes, lotteries, confiscations, etc. To this must be added, according to Mr. Thrasher, about $3,000,000 for fees extorted from the people by various public functionaries. Of this sum about $13,250,000 are expended in Cuba, leaving $2,750,000 for the Spanish Government, the Queen-Mother, etc., etc. Of the thirteen millions and a quarter spent in Cuba a very large proportion is embezzled by the officials. It is well known that high office in Cuba is even more profitable than municipal office in the city of New York.

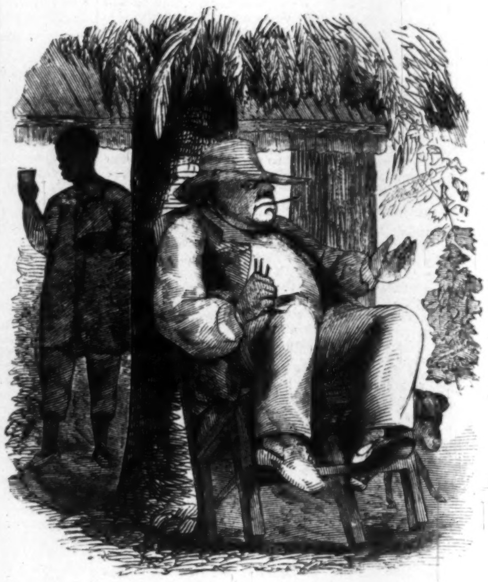
No one needs to be told that the principal industry of Cuba is the growth and manufacture of sugar. During the year 1857, when sugar was unusually high throughout the world, almost all the Cuban planters made fortunes; and even this season they are doing uncommonly well.

A sugar plantation on the island well repays the fatigue of a visit, and most of the wealthy planters are glad to show off their property and their methods to strangers. The plantation may be of any size, of course, from 1000 to 5000 acres; but it is commonly considered that the planter should have one field hand to every fifteen acres. In former times, before the introduction of machinery, the number of negroes employed was greater, and, in consequence of the short space of time allowed for the manufacture of sugar, the mortality among the laborers was excessive. Ten per cent. per annum used to be a common average of deaths on plantations managed by reckless and unwise agents; in such cases the negroes worked twenty hours out of the twenty-four during the season. Since the introduction of steam the negro mortality has been much less, and the number of hands employed has been largely diminished. A force of a hundred field hands will now suffice to work a very large plantation. Experience has also shown the mischief of overworking the men. Mr. Drake, of Havana, long since proved that by allowing his negroes a fair amount of sleep and nutritious food, they could not only perform far more work than the hands of his neighbors, but could add yearly, by natural increase, a large sum to his estate. On many estates in Cuba, it is known, though the female slaves are quite numerous, the natural increase is comparatively nothing.

The sugar season lasts from November till May; and during that period it must be admitted that, even on the best managed estates, the negroes work pretty hard—quite as hard as farm servants do in the North during the brief harvest of cereals. The first operation performed is cutting the cane. This is done with a heavy sharp hatchet (or *machete*); one blow severs the cane near the ground, the other cuts off the leaves near the top. The latter serve for fodder for cattle, and are much liked by them. The leaves removed, the stalks are carted to the mills, and passed through rollers, which squeeze all the juice out of them. The juice passes into the purifying reservoir, in which it is cleansed of dirt, etc., by the application of a moderate amount of heat; the stalks are gathered and left to dry for fuel. From the purifying reservoir the juice passes into the boiling caldron, where it is boiled until it consists of granulated sugar and molasses. The latter is then drained off, and the sugar ready for market. Very fine white sugar is still farther purified by passing water through it to carry off every particle of molasses, and by various other processes which need not be described here.

Such is a brief outline of one of the ways in which sugar is made in Cuba. There are many other processes as well. On many estates very elaborate machinery has been adopted, at great cost, for saving labor and producing a fine quality of sugar. All the large estates use steam in their mills. The cost, in land and negroes, of an estate which will yield the owner $40,000 a year is about $120,000, and the annual outlay $20,000 at least; so that, except in times when sugar is very high, the returns do not appear excessive when compared with those of agricultural industry in other meridians.

The importance of the sugar manufacture is so well appreciated by the Government of Cuba that the law confers peculiar privileges on the planter. His slaves are placed on the same footing as the tools of a mechanic in the Northern States; they can not be seized for debt. Indeed the law works practically in such a manner that the only resource of a creditor of a planter is to endeavor, as best he can, to sequester the revenue of the estate to his profit—a difficult business if the planter be wealthy and a friend to the Captain-General, the Judges, or the powers that be.



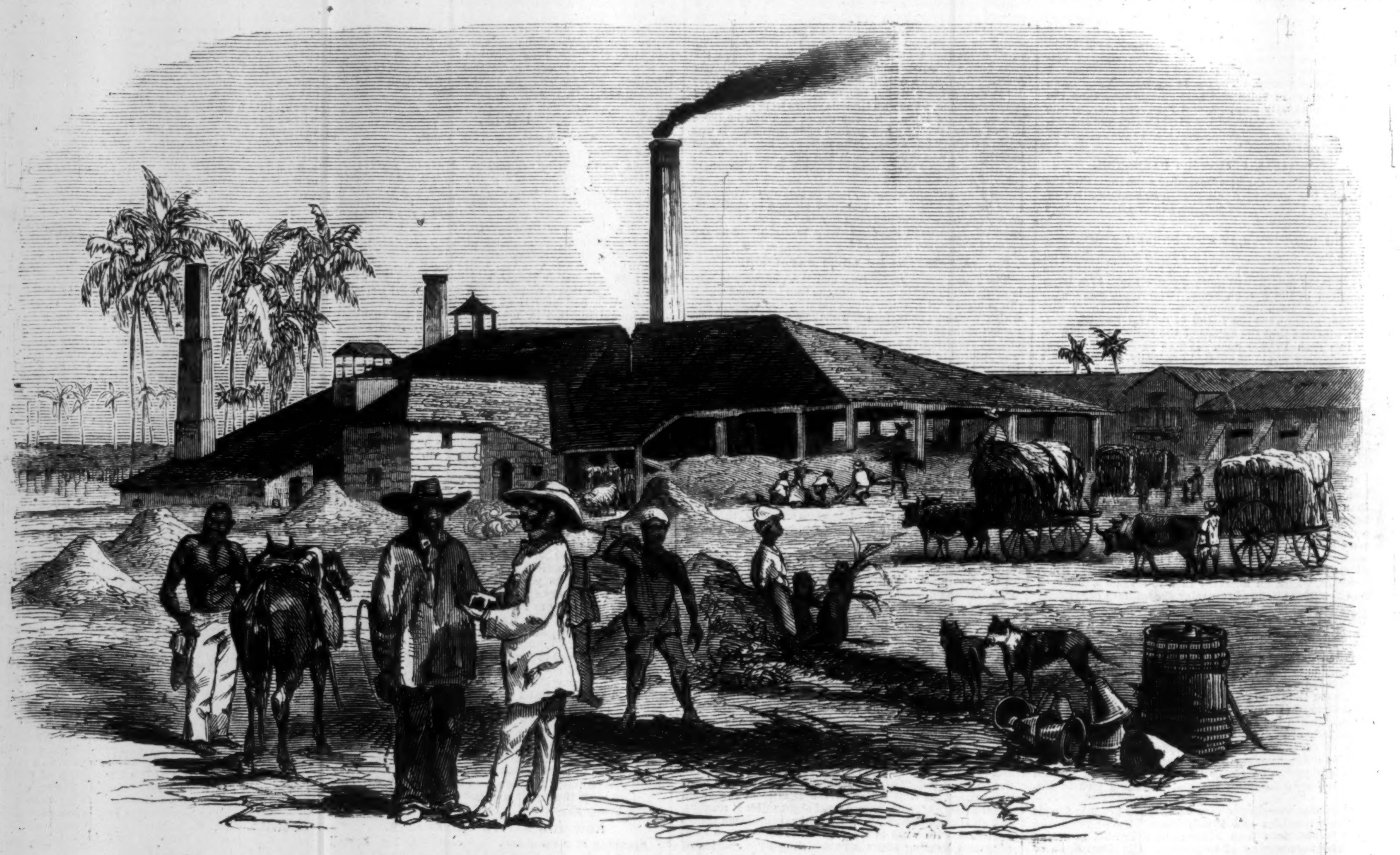
CUBAN PLANTER.

Allusion has already been made to the vast wealth of many of the Cuban landholders. Debt is, however, by no means unknown among them. Gambling, lotteries, and cock-fighting consume the yield of many a harvest even before it is grown. The last-mentioned pastime is as popular in Cuba as in Mexico or in Manilla. Sunday at noon is the time for the sport in the interior villages of the island. Time was when the padre, after saying mass, used to wind up—we are told—with the characteristic remark, delivered in a very different tone from the drawling prayer and sermon:

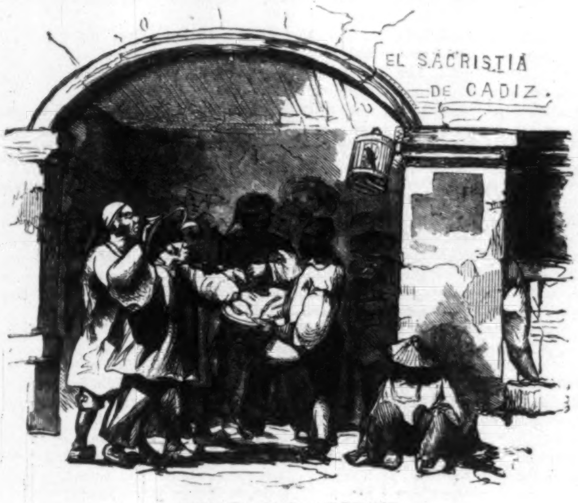
"And now, friends, let us go over to the cock-pit!"

If the padres abstain in our day, their congregations do not follow the example. The cock-pit, on the Sunday afternoon, is the only place which can vie with the Italian Opera in the mind of a Cuban pleasure-seeker. A late traveler in Cuba has so faithfully described the scene that we can not do better than extract what he says:

> "It was already past twelve, the hour at which the sport commences, and as I passed through the gate, where stood a man collecting the entrance-money, I saw his table covered by the swords of those who had entered, the carrying any weapon into the pit being prohibited.
>
> "Surrounding this, standing or seated on the amphitheatre of benches, a crowd of whites, mulattoes, and blacks were assembled; all dressed in clean attire, and intermingled without distinction of color. In a box sat three judges, as dignified as if about to try one of their own species for life or death; while on the faces of the rest each passing emotion of the mind was freely shown. Indeed, although I had visited all the hells of Paris—the gilded and licensed, as well as the obscure cellar in which the lowest did congregate—I had nowhere seen the inmost workings of the gambler's soul more fully exposed than in the features of these spectators. Here the warm sons of the South conceal none of the excitement the game produces; it is only modified by the temperament



A SUGAR-MILL, CUBA.



COOLIES AND NEGROES.

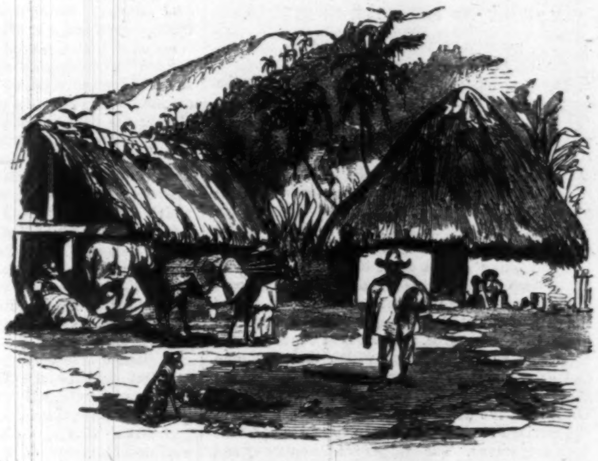
and education of each individual. The native of old Spain, his heart filled with the most perfect contempt of his Creole neighbors, amidst his dignified demeanor, shows by his gestures the interest he feels in the scene before him. The latter, with no such restraint, expresses his feelings as they rise, in varied gesticulations and vociferations; while Afric's dusky son, perhaps but recently brought out of his native forests, with all his untamed passions rife within, under the terrible feelings of the gambler, enacts the perfect maniac.

"Two birds were brought in, and having been weighed, their owners carried them around, bantering the spectators for bets, and occasionally permitting them to peck at each other. The sight of them, with the suddenness of an electric shock, seemed to rouse the latent passion in each bosom, and the place was immediately filled with tumultuous voices. Cries of offered bets resounded on all sides: '*Una once* on the black, *una once;*' a shake of the finger from one opposite, and the bet was accepted, without a word having been exchanged. '*Tres onces por la plata;*' '*No! dos onces,*' answers one who had only two doubloons; '*Tres onces*, make it up among your friends;' and some adding eighths, some quarters, the sum was completed, and a nod informed the better that his offer was accepted. '*Cinco pesos, cinco pesos por la plata*'—'five dollars on the silver feathers'—cries a stout black, his body bent over the railing, his eyes protruded and arm extended, shaking his fore finger at each person, to find one to accept his offer; '*cinco pesos, cinco pesos,*' he vociferates, in gestures and motion a perfect madman. Close by his side, another negro, intent on the same object, and anxious lest his rival should monopolize all the bets, with both arms extended, strives for the market by the force of his voice. Opposing banters from the backers of the other bird, in loud cries, are also heard, and the mingled voices in a continued din strike on the pained ear. One is surprised how accounts are kept, for no money is ever staked, and no witnesses called. A nod or a shake of the finger is the only pledge given, yet disputes never arise about it.

"The bets are now taken, the two birds are pitted, and all but their owners retire without the inclosure. They commence fighting as soon as placed on the ground, and the now silent crowd, with outstretched necks, gaze intently on them. Not a sound is heard but the blows given by the wings of the birds; but a lucky gash from the spur of one sets all voices again going, and odds are freely asked and taken. This was repeated several times, whenever one seemed to gain a decided advantage, until no doubt remained of the victor. The betters then looked on listlessly, as the triumphant bird followed closely his defeated adversary, which, now retreating, now attempting to ward off the blows, faintly and more faintly returned them, until, completely exhausted, he sank down, and unresistingly received the continued attacks of the other, until life was extinct. The victor now exulted in loud crowings over the dead bird, but he was not permitted long to enjoy his triumph; for the owner, with his mouth filled with aguardiente, squirted the smarting fluid into his eyes and throat, and on all his wounds, sucking the whole bleeding head repeatedly. The combat lasted nearly half an hour, for gaffs are not used; but no signs of impatience were exhibited, and but little interest was taken in the fate of the birds themselves, independent of that of the bets connected with theirs."

Monté is, probably, still the most popular of the gambling games; though *rouge et noir*, *bouillotte*, and all the other games at which money can be lost, are freely practiced. A favorite scheme of the Havana gamblers is to select a flourishing village of the interior, near the residence of some wealthy planters, and to give a public ball there. All the Creole ladies are sure to come for the sake of the ball. All the young men follow the example, not only because the ladies go, but because the ball is a pleasant affair and costs them nothing, the entire expense being borne by the gamblers; and the latter must be very unfortunate, if, while the fair Creoles are enjoying themselves outside, a few wealthy planters are not beguiled to the monté table in the little inner room. To one who has seen enough of life to avoid the fascinations of the gambling-table these balls are very attractive. Though but few of the Cuban ladies are beautiful nearly all are pleasing, and very few are devoid of singular charms of figure. Nature has been unusually bountiful in this respect to the Creoles; if the sculptor would study models for a Venus, he should go to Cuba.

Some one has described a Creole belle as being "dressed in a fan." He did not mean that the lady was absolutely provided with no more clothing than that elegant and useful implement. He merely intended to convey the idea that, whereas the toilet of a northern or a European lady presents many points worthy of notice, the artistic observer of Creole belles will find his whole attention arrested by their fans. It has been called "her wing;" assuredly she flies with it from heart to heart; nestles under it; flutters it in terror; claps it in joy; and when coy reserve demands a safe retreat, hides under it as if it were a stone wall. Some Northern ladies, at balls and operas, fancy they know how to use the fan—not, of course, as an instrument to produce a stream of cool air, but as a weapon of offense and defense in amorous warfare: if they saw a true Creole belle flirting her fan, they would soon discover that their manipulation was no more intelligent and refined than the play of an Irishman with a hod. And this much must be added: whatever immoralities or improprieties may exist among the Creoles—and where is he who shall cast the first stone?—there is none of the grossness or ill behavior even at their most rustic balls which may occasionally be seen at similar entertainments in northern latitudes.—The very peasantry, male and female, conduct themselves with a delicate propriety which might well be imitated by some fashionables even in Fifth Avenue.



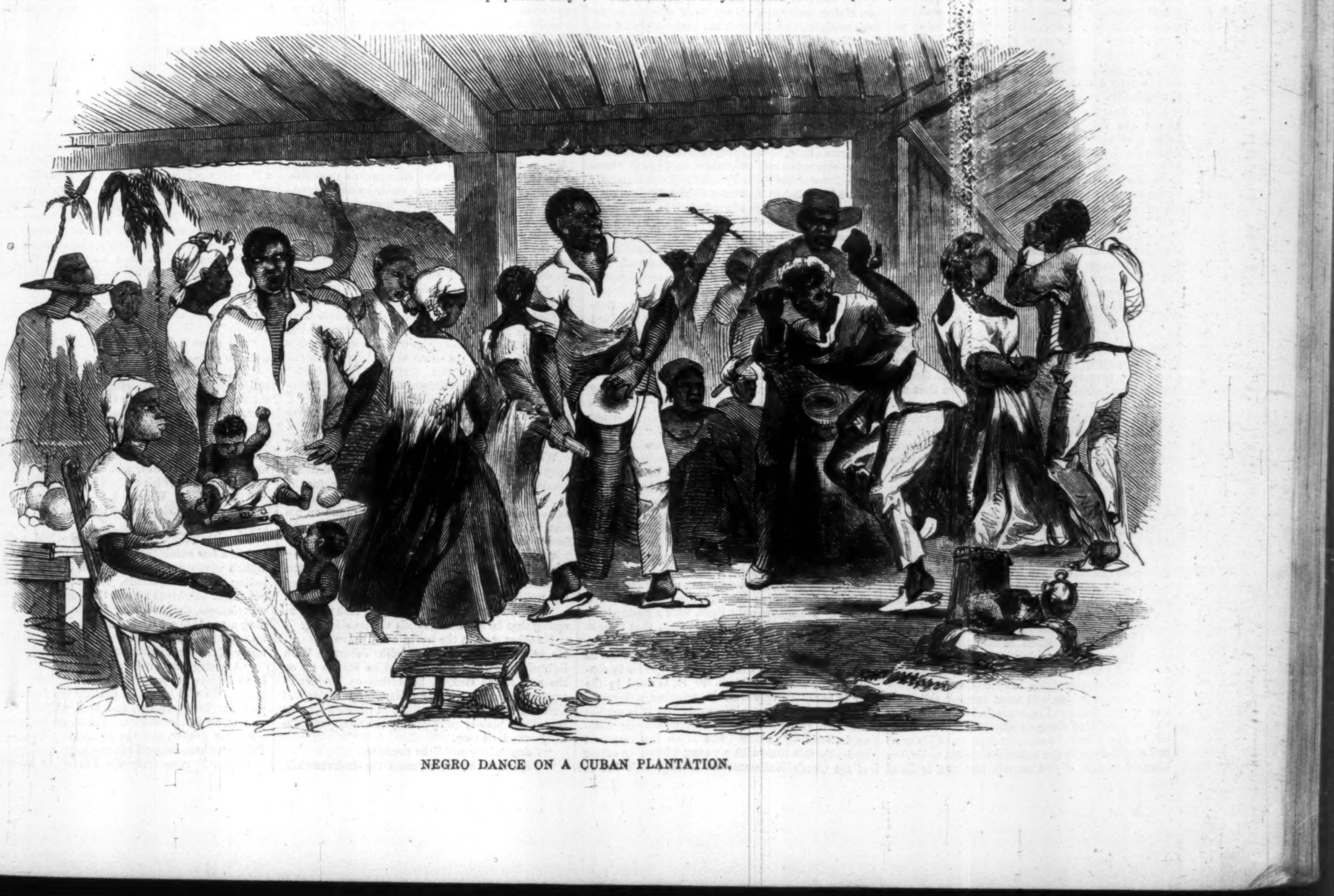
FARM SCENE NEAR HAVANA.

It is well known that nothing like democratic equality is known or dreamed of in Cuba. No European nation more thoroughly than the Creoles appreciates the importance of social or caste distinctions.—Cuba contains perhaps sixty noblemen; some of them old grandees of Castile, others noblemen—marquises or counts—of later creation, and sneeringly known as "sugar nobles." Among these the Northern Know Nothing will meet with amazement ennobled O'Reillys and titled O'Farrells. The *Hacendados* (or landed gentry) rank immediately below the nobles proper, and above all other classes. Then comes the *Empleados* (or public functionaries), who, like the old French officials of the Monarchy, are perpetually striving to force their way into the classes above, and to trample down the classes below them. Under them come merchants; next clerks; next shop-keepers; and, last of all, *Gallegos* (or common laborers). All of these classes keep aloof from each other, and steadily resist any attempt to amalgamate with the classes beneath them. No one but a foreigner can hope to associate freely with more than one of the social grades, and even he can not do so without much circumspection.

As was the case in France under the old *régime*, and as the case is still in many parts of Germany, titles of nobility can be purchased in Cuba. The price is said to vary from $20,000 to $50,000—trifling sums when sugar is worth a shilling a pound. But there is one thing which the "sugar noble" can not buy, and that is the respect, or even the tolerance, of the Castilian fresh from Spain. He regards the Creole as his natural inferior, and he can not be brought to consider a title as raising him from that condition of inferiority. He knows that no native of Cuba can aspire to any post of high trust on the island, and he knows that all Creoles hold their property and liberties at the will of their Spanish masters. He, therefore, despises and eschews him. He makes but little difference between the wealthy and honest, if simple-minded, planter who owns five hundred slaves, and the mere lawyer, who may be bought for a few doubloons, or the barber-surgeon, who will shave, bleed, or purge according to the desire of his patient.

The mention of lawyers recalls one of the peculiarities of Cuban customs which may find place in this hasty collection of memoranda. It is as dangerous in Cuba to have any thing to do with a dead body or a wounded man as it is in Russia. To be wounded one's self is terribly expensive. A queer story is told of a poor fellow who left an inn in a country village to walk a few miles with an acquaintance. By the way the two fellow-travelers quarreled, and one of them, drawing a knife, stabbed his companion repeatedly, and left him for dead. By good luck his purpose was not completely achieved. The wounded man recovered consciousness, but could not move. When day broke he found himself on a frequented part of the public highway; and very soon passers-by discovered him. He besought them piteously to give him a drink of water, and to convey him to some house where he could be treated for his wounds. They, being Cubans, shuddered at the sight of him; and, fearful of being compromised, one and all ran away and left him. Some one more courageous than the rest ventured to acquaint the police magistrate with the circumstances; but the man had lain twenty-four hours where he was struck down before the magistrate came. He was then taken to hospital, and, being of a robust constitution, recovered. But he no sooner got well than his case was taken up by the courts. He was imprisoned—perhaps as a necessary witness; and was only released at last on payment of all the expenses incurred in the vain and clumsy attempts of the police to detect the man who had stabbed him.

A late traveler in Cuba tells us that a practicing physician having come to the conclusion to commit suicide, traveled many miles in order to do so in a place where the expenses which he knew would be incurred on the discovery of his body might be levied on no one. He chose the most desolate spot on the island; and sent word to a friend, a week before, to tell him of his intention. The bare receipt of the letter so terrified the friend that—though by no contrivance could he have been implicated in the deed, as he was many miles distant—he lost his reason in consequence.



NEGRO DANCE ON A CUBAN PLANTATION.

THE MURDEROUS ISCHVOSTCHIK:

A STORY OF THE CZAR NICHOLAS.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

You will imagine, if you please, that this is the very depth of winter in St. Petersburg, and that the following incidents occurred during the reign of the late Emperor Nicholas. Every thing is frozen—water, milk, wine, brandy, meat, poultry, game, and fish; the tears in the eyes, the breath in the nostrils, the words (excuse the hyperbole) on the lips. The sentinels take only twenty-five minute turns on guard, and are mildly warned that they will be "warmed" to the extent of five hundred blows with a stick if they go to sleep; for to sleep in the cold is Death. Wherever balls are given, wherever the theatres are open, before the palaces and before the great hotels, there are huge circular furnaces, with an iron cupola above, supported on pillars, round which the coachmen and drosky-drivers gather to warm themselves; otherwise they would be frozen on their boxes. Droskies drive down the Neva to Cronstadt, and the carriage roads on the frozen river are bordered with evergreens. The bridges are taken away and laid up in ordinary. The statues in the Summer Garden are swathed in haybands, for fear their marble noses and toes should be frost-bitten. You no longer see human beings in the street; you see, instead, huge balls made up of fur pelisses, waddling through the snow, and through whose folds you can discern neither sex nor age. Ivan, the moujik, has only his sheepskin *touloupe;* but he has turned the woolly side in, and is warm. The wild beasts in the great forests in the Government of St. Petersburg are beginning to have bad times of it. Several bears have ventured into the very suburbs of the city, and have been shot therein, preferring a warm bellyful of powder and ball to sucking their paws in the bitter cold; and an old wolf, who lives on the outskirts of some marshes in Finland, has been heard to remark to his nephew that he does not remember so hard a winter since the invasion of 1812.

There is a grand masked ball to-night at the Bolschoi Theatre. We have paid our five rubles for a ticket; let us bid our drosky-driver wait, bestowing on him a fifty-kopeck piece to refresh himself with "vodka," while we join in the mazy dance, leave our sable pelisse (if we are wealthy enough to possess one) in the *vestiaire*, don a plain black domino and a mask, and allow yon thoughtful-looking servant in the imperial livery to conduct us into the *salle de danse.* Soh! we are in the thick of it.

Wondrous thing for Russia, we do not catch a glimpse of one single military uniform in the whole brilliant theatre. Where are the plumed casques, the gleaming *epaulettes* and *aiguillettes*, the embroidered tunics, the dazzling gauntlets and buffleteries? They must be somewhere here; and as we thread our way through the throng we seem to hear, from time to time, the clank of a pair of spurs and the clatter of a sabretasche, unmistakably denoting that beneath some of these dominoes are concealed generals-adjutant and *aides-de-camp de l'Empéreur.* There is a mass of maskers in fancy dresses, not the faded trumpery to which you have been accustomed in England and France, but glittering apparel—rich silks and velvet show their sheen, lace and embroidery dazzle you. But it is not among the giddy crowds of waltzers and dancers of schottisches and polkas that we seek the real *délices* of the evening. We are in quest of mystery, of occult intrigues, of puzzling equivoques, of inscrutable *quid pro quos*, and, if we will seek diligently and observantly for them, we shall be able to reap a rich harvest wherewith to satisfy our curiosity.

Ever flitting, and glimmering, and pullulating among the votaries of Terpsichore (oh! thrice-hackneyed phrase) like will-o'-the-wisps, are these dominoes. Pink dominoes, cherry-colored dominoes, amber-satin dominoes, cream-colored dominoes, black dominoes, and these last in far greater profusion than those of gayer hues. Grand disguises are these dominoes—ample shrouds, that vail the mysteries of love or hatred, or more harmless wit and mirth. Only now and then the little foot, peeping timorously, mouse-like, from beneath the heavy drapery, or a breath of hot wind stirring the black lace vallance of the mask, and disclosing a white rounded chin beneath, will tell the secret that the wearer belongs to the softer sex. These dominoes speak in no shrill, discordant gibberish, as do their *effrontées* sisters in Paris or London. They whisper discreet calumnies in your ear; they stab you silently with keen little daggers of witty innuendo; they bid you pluck a rose-leaf from a bouquet, and straightway you are aware that the secret of your heart of hearts is known to some one. Tiny gloved hands come from these domino folds, slip little billets into your waistcoat pocket, and disappear behind the jealous curtain. Rendezvous are made, reconciliations effected, the preliminaries of duels settled, vows of passionate love exchanged, all in a noiseless *chuchottement.* The whole scene is one huge Haarlem organ of secretiveness, but with the *vox humana* stop on.

Stalking majestically through the dense mass of mystifiers and mystified is a tall, stately, stalwart figure, draped from head to foot in a black domino and closed mask. If you happen to have a friend in the ball-room, ten to one that he will clutch your arm, and, in a murmur, half-amused, half-terrified, whisper, "*Chut!* that is the Czar! His Majesty is amusing himself. Let us get out of his way." But if you stroll behind the orchestra, where maskers are sipping lemonade and eating ices (for the heat of the crowd and the stoves render both most acceptable luxuries), it is far from improbable that you will meet another tall, stalwart figure, accoutred in a precisely similar manner, and stalking along as stately (albeit he may have a saucy little black satin domino on his arm) as his prototype in the ball-room. And again, ten chances to one, if you ramble into the brilliant *foyer*, you will find tall black domino number three, lounging on one of the crimson velvet-covered settees. Go farther yet into the great refreshment-saloon, tall black domino number four is seated at a marble table, treating an amber-satin domino to Champagne and macaroon. Farther, and still farther, right up into the top tier of boxes, and leaning over the balcony, moodily contemplating the mad scene of gayety beneath, is tall black domino number five.

"*Décidement,*" says Mademoiselle Aménaïde Zizine, of the Imperial French Theatre, a charming *soubrette*, famous for the ease and impudence with which she "chaffs" the Emperor at masquerades. "*Décidement,*" says Mademoiselle Aménaïde (in cherry-colored silk) to Lolotte, her *camarade* and *premier sujet* of the *corps de ballet.* "*Le père Nicolas* will not be here to-night. I have spoken to at least half a dozen tall black dominoes (*des monstres, ma chère*), and they have answered me in Russ. As if any body ever understood Russ—*cette chienne de langue.*"

"But perhaps the Emperor wouldn't speak French, and answered you in Russ to mystify you, *pour t'intriguer, ma mie.*"

"*Tiens!* Can he speak Russ, the Père Nicolas?" exclaims Mademoiselle Aménaïde, in great wonderment. "I thought he could only speak French, the Emperor. But there's General Gueldanoff—I know the old wretch by his limp—I'll go and say something to make him smart." And off trips Mademoiselle Aménaïde Zizine, of the Imperial French Theatre.

Now, the initiated in the ways of the Winter Palace and the secrets of the back stairs know that the Emperor has occasionally found his colossal form, dominoed as it might have been, too easily recognizable at masquerades; and that immediate recognition has occasionally interfered with the Imperial schemes of nocturnal amusement. To obviate this annoying *contretemps*, his Majesty has hit upon the notable device of choosing among his aids-de-camp certain noble Russians of his exact height, and of a gait and bearing resembling his own as closely as possible, who are instructed to perambulate the ball-room, and to speak French or Russ when addressed, as the Imperial whim may dictate, or as the furtherance of the Imperial plans may render necessary. Sometimes, indeed, when the stock of tall aids-de-camp has run short, the Autocrat has been compelled to resort to the ranks of his faithful regiment of Préobajinski Guards, and to select, from the biggest and handsomest of the grenadier company, a duplicate Romanoff or two. The importance of thus having six Imperial Richmonds or Romanoffs in the field instead of one must be visible to the meanest comprehension; and those versed in such matters say that the Préobajinski Richmonds were, in the long run, found to be the most serviceable; for those honest fellows, being well supplied with ruble notes to comfort themselves with punch *à la Romaine* withal, and being totally unused to such a scene of splendor, could only utter, when spoken to, guttural exclamations of astonishment in their native Sclavonic, whereas the aids-de-camp were sometimes treacherous enough to pass themselves off for the veritable Emperor, and to poach upon the Imperial domains in the most shameless manner.

Let it not be supposed, however, that the tall black dominoes are the only sons of Anak in these halls of dazzling light. The Russians, gentle and simple (save the *maloi Ruski*, or little Russians), run large; and there are scores of stalwart forms here to-night, both in black and party-colored dominoes, and in fancy dresses. See, here is one, a fine-looking fellow, too, six feet and more in his shoes, dressed—saints in heaven who sing assoilzie us!—like the Enemy of mankind. He wears a dreadful mask with red flaming eyes, and a pair of formidable horns. He has a shiny-scaly body, claws, an admirably constructed cloven-foot, a tail of immoderate dimensions, and *such* a pitchfork. As he swaggers along, brandishing that terror to sinners, the maskers give way before him, crying out "*Gospodin Tchort! Gospodin Tchort!*" (Lord Lucifer!) I am afraid that in France or England this diabolical costume would not be admissible, and would be equally tabooed with those of clown, harlequin, and pantaloon; but in Russia the arch-fiend is an Institution. He is the real old theologico-Gothic Lucifer, with horns, with hoofs, and a tail, who flew away with King Arthur's tailor, and tempted St. Anthony, and was beaten by Banagher, and had his nose tweaked by St. Dunstan. The Russians have a great respect, and a terror not unmixed with humor, for him. They look on him with a sort of grotesque fear, and call him lord. And, indeed, it has been known for some centuries that "the Prince of Darkness is a gentleman."

Gospodin Lucifer, then (we won't call him by his plainest name, for fear of wounding the susceptibilities of our younger readers, who are not quite yet emancipated from the fear of "Bogey"), goes roaring about, cracking pandemonaical jokes to those around him, squeezing the prettiest of the *débardeurs*, who, laughing, take him by the horns and shake him, and occasionally proguing a male domino with his pitchfork, who turns round and asks him, angrily, what he means. But he is a very good-tempered fiend, is Gospodin Tchort, and is highly popular among the ladies. He treats half a dozen of them to an expensive supper in the grand refreshment saloon, refusing, however, to take off his mask, and consuming prodigious quantities of Champagne through the pasteboard lips thereof. He speaks only Russ, with a strong German accent; and the word goes forth that Gospodin Tchort is an eccentric Livonian nobleman. Mademoiselle Aménaïde Zizine is good enough at a later period of the evening to engage him in conversation, and he whispers one little word in the ear of her black velvet mask—whether in German-Russ, or not, I am not informed; but it is certain that half an hour afterward, Mademoiselle Aménaïde, meeting Lolotte (who is on the very best terms by this time with a young Circassian officer of the Czar's Mohammedan escort), tells her in confidence that the good-tempered demon is the Evil One indeed.

"All earthly things," the poet Campbell tells us, and we know it, "must come to gloom," and even a Russian *bal masqué* must have an end. The Champagne has told its tale; the supper is a mass of fishy, saccharine, and gallinaceous fragments; the fiddlers are tired; fatigue has furrowed long streaks in the rouge on the dancers' cheeks; the white kid gloves begin to get cloudy at the seams; it is October with the bouquets, and they shed their leaves; and the furnace fires are burning low without. There is a rush to the *vestiaire;* Cinderella's ball is over; and the brilliantly-clad merrymakers are transformed into shapeless bales of fur pelisses again. There is a howling at the door for carriages and drosky-sledges; torches flare and policemen rush about savagely, cuffing recalcitrant Jehus; and then Gospodin Tchort—who has taken off his diabolical mask, slipped it into a side pocket of the enormous fur pelisse in which he has muffled himself, and replaced it by an undress military cap—moves sedately and serenely. It is plain that Gospodin Tchort must be an officer in some regiment or another.

"*Que diable!* where is Axenti?" says the Gospodin to himself, in the purest Parisian French.

But the missing Axenti is seemingly nowhere to be found; and, after waiting some ten minutes, the Gospodin is fain to hail an ordinary sledge. The driver, a sullen-looking fellow, with a huge red beard, asks him whither he wishes to go? He who was late a demon responds that he wishes to be put down at the corner of the Mala Millionaïa, over against the monolith erected to the memory of the First Alexander. The Ischvostchik (such is the sledge-driver's generic appellation) gives a sulky "Da, das!" (Yes, yes) and bestrides his seat. Gospodin Tchort, muffling himself more than ever in his *schoub* (pelisse), mounts the sledge too, and off they go over the hard snow.

Now, know all men that about this time murders are frightfully prevalent in St. Petersburg; and note, above all, that the majority of these murders have been committed by Ischvostchiks—by drosky, or sleigh-drivers. One was knouted to death, only the other day, at the top of the Nevski, for the murder of a German commercial traveler, whose lifeless corpse he was detected in the very act of stuffing through a hole he had broken in the ice of the Neva, opposite the Cadetten-linie of Wassily-Ostrow. To make the example more terrible in his case, the police had issued an ordonnance commanding all the Ischvostchiks in St. Petersburg to attend and witness the execution. There is a darker horror in the prevalent belief that among a certain class of the Ischvostchiks there exists a species of Thuggee; that all the drosky-drivers coming from one particular village in the environs of the capital are, from their youth upward, as professed and ruthless murderers as the votaries of Bohwanie, or the partisans of the Old Man of the Mountain; and that they take advantage of the occasional somnolency of their fares (due to the intense cold) to fall upon, rob, and slay them.

Now this sullen man with the red beard must evidently be a murderous Ischvostchik; for instead of driving his fare, as he was directed, toward the monolith of the First Alexander (which is right opposite the Winter Palace), he conducts him, instead, over the Novi-Most, or Great Iron Bridge, and so toward the vast cemetery of Wassily-Ostrow. And he must be a murderer—this rubicund ruffian—for as the vehicle slides along the deserted "linie," or streets, I, who am Asmodeus for the nonce, and ubiquitous, see him take from the folds of his greasy caftan a heavy hatchet, poise it in his murderous gripe, and try the edge with his huge, mis-shapen thumb, casting a cunning glance, as he does so, over his shoulder at the stranger whom he is conveying, perchance, to deadly doom.

Who, to the peril of his precious body, worn out with fatigue, and oppressed by the frigid narcotic in the winter night air, is dozing behind his driver. Little wots he now, Gospodin Tchort, as to whether he is journeying toward Alexander's monolith or toward Wassily-Ostrow's dank burial-ground. Gospodin Tchort is tranquilly dreaming; and I, being Asmodeus, and omniscient *pro tem.*, know what he is dreaming about. Little recks he now of monolith or Winter Palace, ice or snow, drosky-drivers or French actresses. He wanders in his sleep by the side of the blue Bosporus; he sees the glories of the Golden Horn, his eyes are dazed by the minarets of Stamboul and the great dome of Sophia. He sees the Padishah of Roum float down the stream in his gilded caïque toward the Valley of Sweet Waters; he wanders in the mazes of the Bezesteen; the secretest gardens of the old seraglio are open to him; and then, suddenly, by the charming irrationality of dreams, he is transported to a town in Southern Russia, and sees a sign-post with an inscription, placed there by Catherine the Superb, "This is the road to Byzantium."

Waken, hapless sluggard, for the Philistines are upon thee! Waken, drowsy traveler, for death is imminent! Waken, man in the fur pelisse, for the murderous Ischvostchik has got thee close to the solitary church-yard, has turned him round on his seat, has raised his sharp hatchet! Waken, for the fate of an empire—

Gospodin Tchort wakes. Wakens, murmuring something about a Treaty. Wakens, to find the murderer standing over him with gleaming eyes and uplifted hatchet.

"I demand thy money!" cries the Ischvostchik, seeing that he can not slay his victim sleeping.

No other man in the world could have done it. No other man than—Gospodin Tchort. With lightning-like presence of mind he stands up on the seat of the sledge; he dashes on his fiend's mask, he throws off his pelisse, and shows his fiend's dress. He stands there in the sharp, green moonlight, plainly and palpably the Enemy of Mankind—the Evil One.

"*I demand thy soul!*" he thunders.

"*Tchort! Tchort!*" screams the Ischvostchik, and falls down, stiff and stark, between the horse's hind-feet.

Gospodin Tchort descends from his eminence and stirs the Ischvostchik somewhat disdainfully with his foot. "Get up, dog!" he says, in commanding tones.

But the dog never stirs a limb nor moves a muscle. The Gospodin routs him up again with his foot; but he is as motionless as before. He stoops down and shakes him by the arm; but the member falls to the frozen ground flaccid and inert. He calls him again and again, fruitlessly. He places his hand on his heart; but there is no pulsation. He looks on his face, and the green moonlight shows that the features are ghastly and rigid, that the eyes are fixed, and that the mouth is wide open and grinning horribly. It is very plain that THE DOG IS DEAD.

Dead he is beyond mistake—dead as any door-nail. In his great terror at what he, poor superstitious wretch! doubtless imagined to be a supernatural visitation come to punish him for his sins, the chord of life has snapped, and the murderous Ischvostchik is gone to his account.

A more timorous man than Gospodin Tchort would have fled as fast as ever his legs could carry him; for to have aught to do with a dead, or even a wounded body, in Russia, is a matter of very serious moment, and one sometimes highly dangerous to the surviving party. You must not raise a man from the ground who has been unfortunate enough to be run over; you must not assist one who has fallen into a pit; it is questionable even whether you may jump into the water to save a fellow-creature from drowning. Such duties are the exclusive province of the police; and if you wish to preserve your rubles and your repose, the less you meddle with that municipal institution the better.

A weaker man than our Gospodin would at least have been sorely perplexed to know what to do with the ugly burden thus unexpectedly thrown on his hands; but our diabolical friend appears to have made up his mind with very little difficulty as to the proper course to be adopted under the circumstances. The horse is quietly snuffing the ground, as if in a futile search for some impossible herbage beneath that icy crust, and the reins lie idly on his back. The Gospodin (whose strength appears to be Herculean) drags up the body of the murderous Ischvostchik by the arms, flings him across the seat of the sledge, picks up the whip, bestrides the driver's seat himself, gives an encouraging "*puiamo*" (go on) to the horse; and then, on that wintry morning, had you been there, you might have seen in the weird moonlight the strange spectacle of a man in a huge fur pelisse, with a demon's mask gleaming above it, driving a sledge away from the great cemetery of Wassily-Ostrow, while behind him was the body of a bearded, caftaned man, whose arms flapped, whose booted legs dangled, in the helplessness of death.

And whither speeds the demon driver? To the Neva's banks, with the same sharp hatchet to cleave a cavity in the ice, and consign the would-be murderous body to the swift, sure current that runs straight into the Gulf of Finland, carrying its dead with it, and telling no tales? To the umbrageous pine-woods on the Ladoga road? To the ruins of the last conflagration, where there are holes and masses of rubbish in plenty that will hold a score of bodies such as this? Not at all. The infernal Ischvostchik drives coolly to the sixteenth linie, where there is a police-station; and it is a fact that as he plies the whip he hums an air from "Robert le Diable."

He passes one or two of the little wooden huts where the *Boutotsniks*, or watchmen armed with pole-axes, dwell. One sleepily challenges him; and he answers, "A friend!" and drives on. The other is comfortably asleep in his timber cabin; and, at the best of times, there is but scant vigilance to be expected from these guardians of the night, who are more than suspected of occasionally doing a little murder on their own account.

At the door of the police-station, or *siège*, there is a big police-soldier, in a long gray gabardine, who gives a howl of amazement as the strangely-laden and more strangely-conducted chariot stops before him. True to his police instincts, however, he makes a movement to fall upon and arrest, as a preliminary measure, the being who is bold enough to ride about with a dead body; but Gospodin Tchort descends from his seat, pushes the *polizei* with his arm amicably on one side, and says:

"Carry that carcass in-doors, Axenti-Ivanovitch, and let me see the major of police immediately."

"My name is Fedor," the soldier begins; "and who are you—"

"SILENCE!" continues Gospodin Tchort; "hear and obey!" He is evidently accustomed to command, to be heard, and to be obeyed; for the soldier, with a blank look of astonishment, and a suppressed grumble, presently does his bidding. He wakes up the police major, who comes with a very unclean-looking blue pocket-handkerchief twisted round his bullet head, and his uniform coat but half-buttoned over his striped flannel waistcoat.

"*Schtotakoi!* What is it?" asks the police major, who is very sleepy and very peevish, rubbing his eyes.

Gospodin Tchort takes, quite uninvited, a chair, and in a few succinct phrases tells the story of his night's adventure, accounting for his mask by alluding to the masquerade. As he proceeds the police major brightens up to a thorough state of wide wakefulness, shakes his head ominously, and, dipping a pen into a battered ink-stand, begins to fill up a printed form. He looks at the awful testimony of the drama that has been enacted.

"A pretty story, indeed!" he says. "And who is to believe it, pray? There has been murder here. We will begin by putting the bracelets on you, my little brother, and then we will submit you to an interrogatory. Fedor, go for the surgeon, the *greffier*, and the handcuffs; and, Michel Prosperovitch, take off his mask."

"STOP!" cries Gospodin Tchort, in an accent as commanding as before. "Police major, you are an *Assiot*—an ass. Behold!" He waves the soldiers imperatively back. He removes his mask, only for an instant, and replaces it. The police major starts back as he meets the stern gaze of a pair of full gray eyes, as *his* orbs of vision dwell upon a magnificent countenance, somewhat full in flesh, with a lofty brow, a rounded chin, and a firmly-chiseled mouth; a twisted mustache, dark curly hair, growing somewhat bald toward the crown, and a short, crisp whisker invading the cheek. He starts back; and, upon my word, if Gospodin Tchort had not caught him by the arm, I think he would have fallen on his knees before him.

"Let the man's body be opened," the Gospodin says. "He must have been suffering from some internal disease for death to attack him so suddenly. And now get me another sledge, and let me go home; for I will ride no more in that hateful carriage. Let the horse be sent to the fire brigade, and see that the sledge is sold for the benefit of the poor."

The major's private sledge is brought out; his best horse harnessed to it; his costliest furs laid on the seat. Gospodin Tchort takes off his mask and puts on his undress cap again; but he entirely conceals his features behind the collar of his pelisse.

"You will drive me to the monolith of Alexander, opposite the Mala Millionnaïa," he says to the coachman. "Make haste, and gallop." He jumps in; the driver cracks his whip, and they are gone.

"Fedor Nicolaïevitch," says the major of police, very sternly, when the strange visitor has departed; "Fedor Nicolaïevitch, son of a dog! it strikes me that you did not pay sufficient attention or respect to yonder well-considered and honored lord. Corporal of the night, you will take care that Fedor Nicolaïevitch has eighty blows of the stick at eight o'clock, for want of proper respect to his superiors." And the police major, yawning, lights his cigarette, and goes to bed.

By-and-by, just as the unhappy Fedor is beginning to howl for his breach of etiquette, the *yemstchik*, who has driven Gospodin Tchort to his destination, comes back to the police-station.

"He must be a great lord—perhaps an aid-de-camp of the Gossudar, the Emperor," he says. "He gave me a 'blue' (a five-ruble note), and I watched him go straight into the Winter Palace. Wilt thou drink with me, Michel Prosperovitch? Ah! and so our brother Fedor is eating of the stick—is he?"

The autopsy of the body of the murderous Ischvostchik is made by the surgeon to the police, and it is found that the unhappy man had been for a long time suffering under acute disease of the heart. Far gone as he was in that dreadful malady, any sudden shock or excitement was sufficient to cause death; and it was perfectly natural that the revulsion of feeling caused by that which he believed to be the appearance of the Evil One himself should end fatally. A lengthened report of the circumstances is drawn up by the major of police, and is sent to the Winter Palace. Some weeks afterward that functionary receives a miniature, set in gold, representing an officer in the uniform of the Chevalier Guards, with a star on his breast, and the red ribbon of St. Andrew *en sautoir*. The officer's face is stern, but handsome—eminently handsome. He has full gray eyes, a lofty brow, a rounded chin, a firmly-chiseled mouth, a twisted mustache, dark curly hair, somewhat inclining to baldness toward the crown, and a short, crisp whisker invading the cheek. And beneath the miniature is the initial N.

I forgot to state that the story of the Murderous Ischvostchik does *not* get into the St. Petersburg newspapers. We manage those things better in Russia.

A LITTLE STORY.

ONE glorious sultry summer eve,
  Beneath the star-lit sky,
I stood where drooping branches weave,
  And waited on the sly.
'Twas on the spot where, many a night,
  I met my Lizzie love,
Shut in from all disturbing sight,
  And out from stars above.

For I was young, and so was she,
  Each pure and free from guile,
And like two barks on tranquil sea
  We floated on the while.
That night our first great sorrow came:
  'Twas Fortune's stern decree
That I should seek a manly name
  Upon life's troubled sea.

That night we met beneath the boughs,
  My Lizzie love and I,
To pledge our oft-repeated vows
  With many a heaving sigh.
We swore by all the stars above,
  And all the earth below,
To cherish and preserve our love,
  Whatever winds might blow.

And then I went away and fought
  Life's battle in the crowd;
The wealth of Fortune's favors sought,
  And to the goddess bowed.
A twelvemonth soon had sped away,
  And still she scouted me,
And so I thought, one summer's day,
  I'd let the jade go free.

I'd leave the town and all its strife
  For streams and waving trees,
With Lizzie love I'd spend my life
  In calm and glorious ease.
With all my store of love and pride,
  I flew on wings of wind
To reach that darling Lizzie's side
  For whom my fond heart pined.

The year had made a glorious change,
  She had so handsome grown;
But something struck my heart as strange
  When we were left alone.
She smiled not as I used to see
  Her smile in days of old,
And every word she spoke to me
  I shivered as with cold.

She heaved a little sigh, and spoke
  "The weather's awful nice;"
The words my heart-strings nearly broke,
  And so—she said them twice.
She said, "The crop is mighty fine,"
  And then she hummed a tune;
And then, "You'd better stay and dine,
  For John is coming soon."

"John!" Who was "John?" I thought, in gloom,
  While she would only smile;
And softly flitted round the room,
  And dusted all the while.
And then she spoke one dreadful word
  That time wears not away;
A name that all my hatred stirred,
  And wiped my love away.

She stopped, and down the duster laid,
  Then turning, looked at me;
And speaking, with a laugh, she said,
  "The baby you must see."
"The baby!" now the John I see;
  And faithless Lizzie Jones
Said "John" and "Baby" out to me
  In quite her usual tones.

I fled, with terror in my path,
  And since that fatal hour
Those horrid words have fed my wrath
  And turned my nature sour.
I feel the fact in all my bones,
  The thing is said and done;
I hate a woman if she owns
  A "Baby" or a "John."

ESTHER.

CHAPTER I.

JACOB ALLEN, captain of a lumber-sloop which lay at her wharf far up on the North River side of the city, chose to sleep, one hot, close night, two summers ago, on the deck of his *Lady Franklin*. "The Lady," as he familiarly called her, was his own, from keel to streamer; and he liked better to "stay at home," in her cabin or on her deck, than to find lodgings ashore. The tide was high at the stillest hour, not long before dawn; and there was neither ripple at rudder nor flutter at pennant; and Jacob lay wide awake—it happened so—looking up at the stars. Far off, on the Jersey shore, he hears the barking of a dog; on this side, but from blocks and blocks away, comes the dull rattling of a cart, hardly another sound does he hear, although conscious of faint, indefinite murmurs in the air.

Splash!

"What's that? A rat, I guess; or a loose stone from a wharf."

Murder! Mur-d-e-r! Mur-d-e-r!

Up starts Jacob Allen. The dire words, distinct to the last drowned syllable, take possession of him like spirits. For a moment, resting half-upright, he listens; but there is nothing more. So now he stands up and thinks.

"That was a *woman's* voice. And it came from up stream. If some poor creetur has been shoved overboard, she'll float down this way. Tide's turned by this time. The boat!—quick!"

He has sculled out, under the star-light, over the black river; and there he stands, waiting, eyebrows contracted, fingers parted, leaning forward, piercing, as far as he can, into the darkness.

"There! No! Yes! There *is* something! Here it comes!"

He clutches at it, on his knees, leaning over the gunwale of the tipping boat; he struggles with the black tide and conquers, bringing into his boat the—*it*.

"*What* is it? *Who* is it? A woman, by the dress; a girl, it's so slight and small. Any life in—it—her? Touch her hands. Why, man, what are you 'fraid of? Never mind now; pull for shore; that's the first thing to do. We've floated down stream a ways. There's 'The Lady's' pennant, over there. Daylight's coming. Thunder! I wish I knew somethin' what to do for 'er, when I get 'er aboard!"

An hour later. What has been done meanwhile you may judge by looking at the group on the *Lady Franklin's* deck. A pale girl, lying on a blanket-covered mattress, her head in the lap of a Bridget. The night is over; light and life have come together to her. A doctor; a policeman; Jacob Allen. Arrange them—picturesquely, of course—as you please.

By-and-by she finds voice to answer their questions. "I am German," she says. That's all at present. But after a while, to their great disappointment, they find that she speaks German only. All they can gather, by the few words of English in common and by signs, is, that her name is Esther, and that some one gave her that blow on the temple—there's the mark—which thrust her off into the stream. And then she whispers "Murder! Murder!" Well for her that she had happened to learn *that* word, and that she had happened to *use* it! "Happened!" "*I believe in God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth.*"

Poor Esther! *Man* was pitiless! Yet she is fair, even beautiful. Slight; gracefully formed; her pale face oval; her white lips thin, yet full; her hair black, and shining with moisture, though Bridget has tried to wipe it dry with her apron; her eyes—what you can see of them from under the falling lids and long lashes—black and clear.

Jacob thinks her beautiful, and he glories—to himself—over his winnings. Leaning against the mast, arms folded, he looks steadily at her. He wonders who could have been mean enough, unmanly enough, to think of treating *her* so!

When the policeman comes with a carriage to take her to the hospital, Jacob finds, somewhat to his surprise, that he doesn't want to give her up, to lose his fair waif. Has he not won her fairly, won her from the gray night and the black river? Has he not some claim on that fair face for a smile, on those black eyes for a look of recognition and gratitude? He can hardly bear to let her go; at least not yet, he thinks. But all the while he is helping to place her in the carriage, devoting to her use that huge gray shawl, which, with its immense steel pin, had been something of a pride ashore at Kinderhook last winter. If he were not a "leetle mite" ashamed of his tenderness he would go with her to the hospital.

By what freemasonic signs women communicate the uninitiated may not know; but somehow Bridget has told Esther that Jacob is the rescuer. Has the Irish keenness of perception discovered Jacob's secret? Perhaps so; and if so, he has to thank her for that which he has waited for, longed for—a smile full of thanks, and a faint pressure of hands, and something in German, low and tender, as Esther and the doctor drive away.

"Well! I al'ays thought, before, that Dutch was a ha'sh, jaw-breaking kind of a language; but she spoke it pooty enough! I kinder wish I understood the lingo a little."

Jacob uneasy, abstracted all day; Jacob's rough hands doing rough work, but Jacob's soft heart——? ——In love with a *Dutch* girl! (To himself, *loq.*) "But she's so blamed pooty and sweet! *I* don't care! Who's got any thing to say ag'inst it, anyhow? Do jes' as I'm a min' to, I guess!"

CHAPTER II.

ESTHER at the hospital: has a German nurse: tells the story of her wrongs: it is an attempt to murder—and worse: a policeman sent for, a German detective—one of Captain Walling's force—from whom the following:

Esther Hartman is a Jewess, from Budweis, in Bohemia. When her father died he left for his widow money enough for the starting of a little shop, and two daughters. The elder has married, and gone with her husband to "Amerika;" letters, at long intervals, tell of their humble successes. Esther remains with her mother. The mother dies suddenly, and Esther is alone. The first grief over, she sells out her little inheritance, determined to join her sister in America. Depositing part in safe hands, quilting the rest into her boddice, with a bundle of mementos of the old home, and good-bys to all the Budweisers, she starts, alone, for America. On foot she gayly takes her way, Juha, Juhee, following the river road (Moldau, *fl.*), to Prague; then to Dresden; and so, partly by steamboat on the Elbe, but mostly on foot, with "lifts" in occasional *fuhrwagens*, she makes progress slowly to Hamburg. On her seventeenth birth-day, with four hundred countrymen, women, children, chests, potato-bags, black-bread loaves, et cetera, et ceterorum, she sails up into the North Sea. —— ——. [A blank, which is better than any attempted description of such a voyage as the *Helvetia* made in March.] Esther makes friends on the ship—a new-married Hamburg couple, the man of which has been in New York before; so, under his guard, Esther gets by many dangers, and finds a decent, safe home. But nowhere can she find her sister. Piece by piece the gold is pinched from her bodice, week by week time goes by, but Sophia Laderer, born Hartman, is not to be found. So at last Esther gives up, and finds that she must get at work for her living. A good chance sends her to the kitchen of a well-to-do German family in Brooklyn, where she remains until a sudden family break-up and departure for the West throws her, without warning, out of her place. She comes over to the city to inquire for employment, and meets, at her old boarding-place, a pleasant-faced countryman, from Prague, who seems like a brother, almost, coming from so near home. He is a farmer (sham), living up the river, and wants a housekeeper. Esther shall stay with his sister until he is ready, in a few days, to go back to his farm. He brings her trunk from Brooklyn, and then escorts her to the sister's, a lager-bier boarding-house somewhere down town. The sister (sham) plays her part: the farmer is attentive: marriage is talked of (sham), to which Esther almost consents. She tells, now, of evening walks by the water-side, where there are seats under trees (the Battery), and of visits to theatres in a broad street in which cars run (the Bowery). Max, the farmer, is kind, handsome, earnest, and Esther yields: they are to be married. —— ——. [Blanks are sometimes convenient, often wise.] But though their plans are as well-laid as they are vile, Esther and innocence are too strong for Max and his (sham) sister.

One evening Max hurries in; he must go to-night; this man will carry the trunk. Come, Esther! A parting glass of beer Esther must drink with the sister. Now off, in a hurry, to be in time for the boat. A long, long walk; Esther gets very tired, and strangely tired. Finally they stop at a pier. "The boat's gone!" exclaims Max; and the pier is deserted. Max is disappointed, but says they can only turn around, go back, and try it again to-morrow. "Let's rest a while before we start;" and they sit down on timbers. Very tired, strangely tired, poor Esther, and sleepy.—(Drugged beer!) —— ——. [Now blanks again, for Esther remembers no more.] That she slept she knows, and dreamed a horrid dream: fought with a fiend, she thinks, which struck her, and she screamed "Murder!" and fell into a black lake. The rest we know.

CHAPTER III.

MAX—if that be a true name—is a villain, a fiend, not of a dream only, but of a reality, and the detective undertakes to find him, his duty becoming a kind of pleasure. It is to avenge a countrywoman rather than to earn his policeman's pay. But he starts vaguely. Esther is so much of a stranger that she can not tell him where to look for that boarding-house, and as she has been out from it only in the evening, she can not describe the vicinity distinctly. It was not far thence to the Battery; so much. She remembered crossing railroad tracks on her way thence to the theatres; so much more. The officer at length concludes that the den to be found is somewhere in that corner of the city southwest from the Astor House. At his request Esther tries to describe the interior of the place, but it differs in nothing from fifties of such places thereabouts, except Esther tells him that—what seemed to be a fit pet in such a place—there was a large black cat. With these facts, and a thorough description of Max and sister, and Jacob Allen's address, officer Tieman begins.

Four days' industry, adroitness, patience, and the black cat rubs her sides against the officer's legs, delighted with bits of Schweitzer, and says to him: this is the place—pur-r-r-r!—that is the sister, drawing of beer—pur-r-r-r! pur-r-r-r!—if you'll watch the door for a day or two, Max will be in. Miaouowl! He stepped on my *tail* once; I owe him a grudge! Officer Tieman feels pretty sure that he has found the right place, but to make certain the fact he brings Esther from the hospital—she has been very sick, poor girl—and she, looking in at the door from the carriage window, through her vail, assures him of his discovery.

If officer Tieman had known that Max was seasick, half-seas over, bound to Bremen, he would not have waited so long and watched for him at the sign of the Black Cat. If officer T. had not watched and waited so long Esther would not have leaped from the roof of the hospital, and flown away, nobody could tell where, before he came. And another contingency—Jacob Allen would not have suffered that chill that went through and through him when, inquiring at the hospital door for Esther, he was told of her strange disappearance.

Now we are all in a muddle. Max escaped; Esther—where? Officer Tieman and Jacob get together and look into each other's faces, asking, What now? and What next? Jacob feels keenly the loss of his—shawl; cost him seven dollars. Imagine the two sitting in the cheerful (?) parlor of the Detective Police, corner of Elm and Broome, underground, meditating. Poor Jacob! Lost his—shawl! How charming she looked, wrapped up in that shawl, leaning back in the carriage, smiling good-by and gratitude in a known tongue; her paleness adding so tenderly to her rare foreign beauty. Now—gone, shawl and all, like a dream; gone down the back-entry of Time. Where now his plans of a snug little cottage, not far from a landing, a certain landing he knew of, overlooking the river? Sunk, Jacob! Poor Jacob!

Officer Tieman! Why have you been sitting so long within sound of the Metropolitan Telegraph, ticking, clicking in the next room, and haven't thought of asking the stations all over town to look out for an Esther, a Jewess, a German, black eyed, run away from Bellevue?

In a moment that warning is flashing all over—north, east, west, south. In another, "Here she is!" from a station far up town. In another, Officer Tieman and Jacob are out and away, Jacob in advance. "Going after your *shawl*, Captain Allen!"

They find her, but crazy, alas! wild with indefinite fright. She knows the officer—that is, thinks him a friend, fancies him somebody else, and gives him an old name familiar in Budwei's. Jacob she cowers from, calling him "Max" in a shivering whisper. She wraps the shawl around her, and gathers herself away from him with a wild scowl. So they put poor Jacob out of her sight, and then coax and carry her away back to the hospital. There it is learned that, after her ride to the house of the Black Cat—she seemed quite well enough to go—a fever had taken her: during this she had probably gone wild, and had spirited herself off. She herself afterward said that Max had chased her out of the house with an oar in his hand, as it seemed to her.

Weep for the captain of the sloop *Lady Franklin!* How much lies between him and the fruition of his hopes! Isn't he crazy himself to *be* in love (yet love is can't-helpable), with a whole army of verbs, substantives, and adjectives, vanguarded with unpronounceable consonantic combinations fighting against him. Why he can't even say, "*Ich liebe dich*" (I love thee) in Deutsch. But there is an ocular language—and that he relies on—more liquid than *la bella lingua* itself: he will speak the blue dialect, and is sure that he can understand the black, if she'll use it. But she is crazy, and thinks him Max. 'Twon't last long, he says; and having scuttled and sunk these difficulties, he goes back to the smile and the pressure of hands, both of her hands grasping his one huge hand—the one which clutched her out from the river—and he hopes.

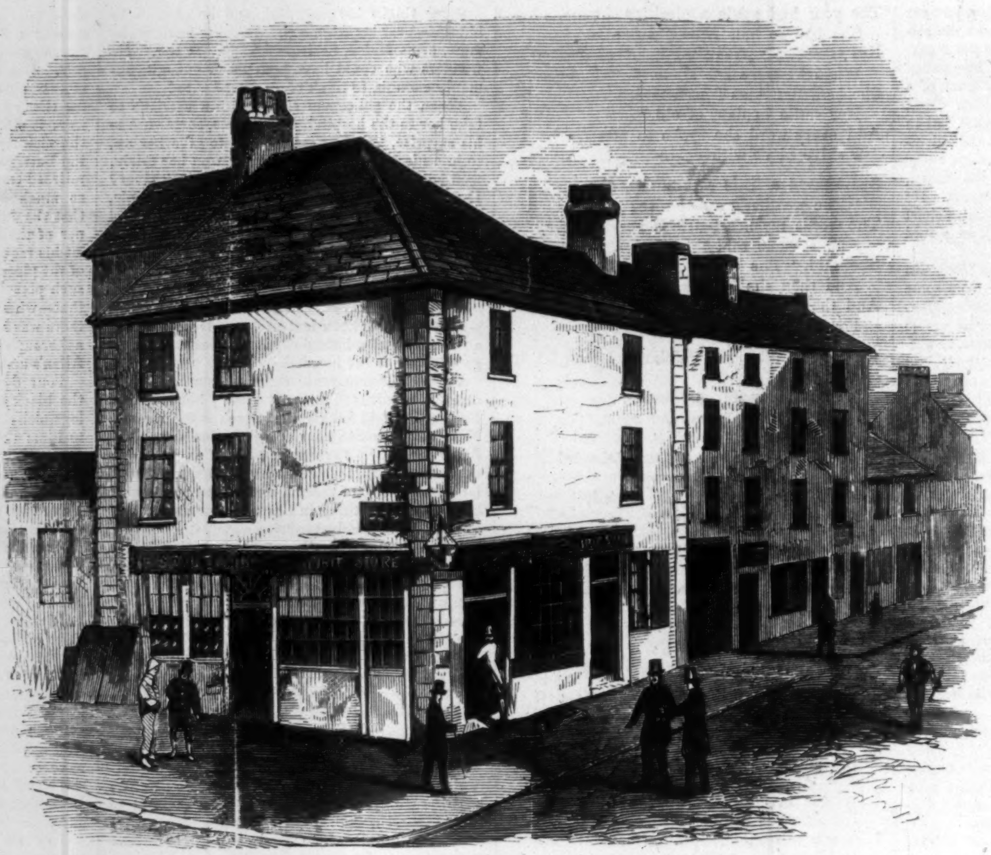
Esther gets well. Max stays where he fled to. Esther's sister never is heard from. Nurse at the hospital—delighting in such business doubtless—becomes an interpreter, and so begins the German studies of Captain Jacob Allen. In the which he makes slow progress; but Esther, with Bohemian aptness, learns English rapidly; so with a little Deutsch, more English, much of the ocular—by-and-by, with solemn joy, a touch of the labial dialect—they come to an understanding. From the hospital to the church, thence by sloop to a certain landing, and a welcome from old Mother Allen.

Now, the *Lady* having been sold, Jacob is captain of the schooner *Esther*.

Who of the readers is "smart" enough, unfeeling enough to spoil the ending of my story by saying, "Ah! but how could she marry him? She was a Jewess!" I won't answer you other than in this way: You being Jacob, Sir; you being Esther, ma'am, couldn't you have managed it somehow?

ARREST OF THE MEMBERS OF THE IRISH PHENIX SOCIETY.

THE accompanying illustration, from a photograph by Dr. Corry, represents the tavern in Belfast, Ireland, in which the members of the Phenix Society were arrested. We have heretofore given, in the news department, the account of the arrest of these foolish persons. Their design is understood to have been treasonable; they perhaps believed what they said when they promised their friends that the Sixty-ninth Regiment New York State Militia was coming over to relieve Ireland from the British yoke, and that the Green Isle would soon rise, Phenix-like, from its ashes. They were, as usual, betrayed by one of their number, and without difficulty all safely lodged in jail.



HOUSE IN BELFAST, IRELAND, WHERE THE MEMBERS OF THE PHENIX SOCIETY WERE ARRESTED.

STRANGE RELIGIOUS CEREMONY AT MONACO.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly.

IT was with much pleasure that I recognized in your *Weekly* of the 18th ultimo the two views of the principality of Monaco; they are faithful representations, and I gazed upon them long and fondly, as we dwell upon the portrait of some dear friend from whom we have for years been separated.

As I recall the curious details of that antique structure—the Palace of Monaco—memory spreads once more before my wondering eyes the vision of the most remarkable procession, or sacred pantomime, that can be imagined. As it was an exhibition of a startling and unique character, perhaps you will not deem a description of it unworthy of a place in your columns, your previous paper having awakened an interest in the principality.

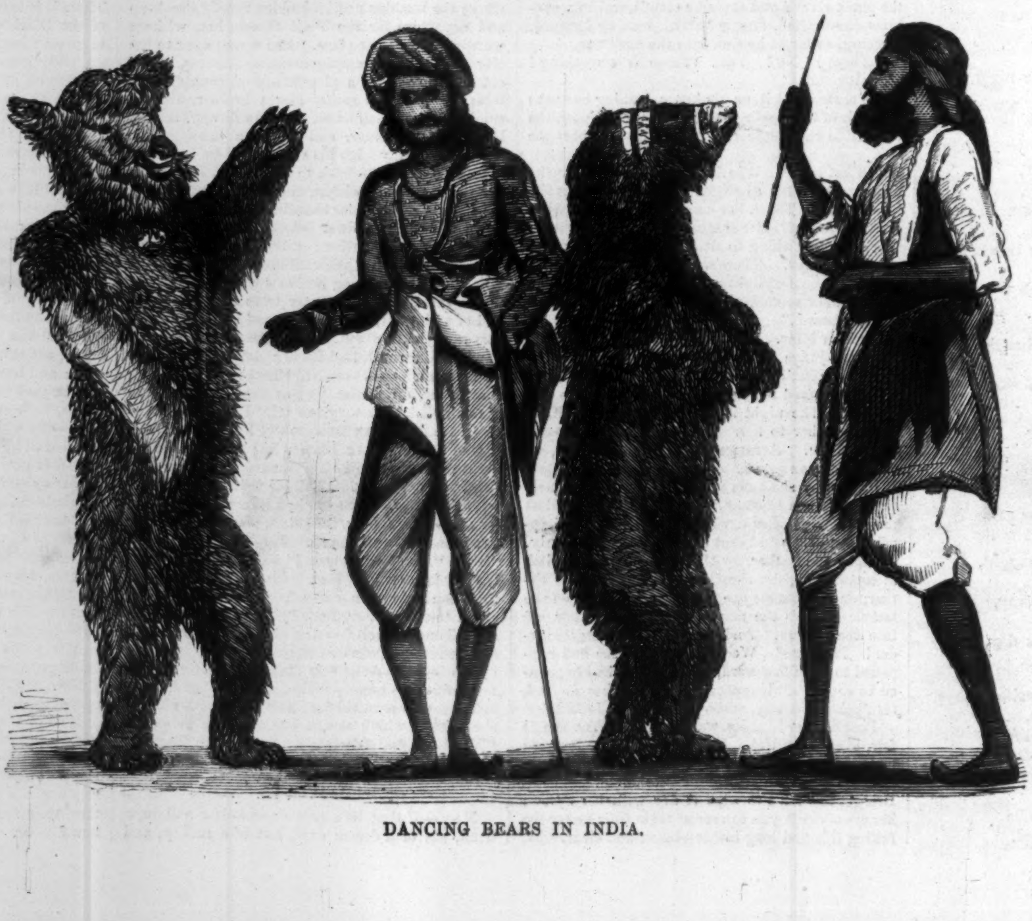
Some years ago, during a visit at Monaco, I had the advantage of being present at this religious mummery, which takes place on the evening of Good Friday. The procession was formed in the court of the Palace and slowly defiled through the porte cochère. The first personage who appeared was intended to represent a centurion. He was seated on horseback and clad in armor; his breast-plate was profusely ornamented with a most anachronistic collection of modern jewelry: ear-rings, breast-pins, bracelets, were tacked on in heterogeneous confusion, the great object being to produce a glitter, and in that point he had perfectly succeeded. Then followed a number of women making various demonstrations of grief. Then came a person clad in a loose scarlet robe, girt around the waist with a rope; this was intended to represent Jesus. He was followed by a man who, ever and anon, smote him upon the cheek, upon which the person wearing the scarlet robe would meekly turn the other cheek and receive another buffet; this was repeated at intervals of about three minutes as they passed along. Then followed a young girl with long and beautiful hair floating on her shoulders; in her hand she carried a small alabaster box: this was Mary Magdalen. Other young girls followed her, two by two. Then came another Jesus, clad like the first, followed by a man who scourged him. Then came a maiden, who, turning from side to side, displayed a square of linen on which was painted the portrait of our Saviour. I was told this was St. Veronica, who gave Jesus a handkerchief to wipe the drops of agony from his brow, and all pious Catholics declare that the face of our Saviour remained imprinted on the cloth. Then came the three Marys, weeping. Then another Jesus, carrying an immense cross (made of thin board, however), beneath the weight of which, from time to time, he fell to the earth. Unfortunately for the solemnity of the scene, this last personage was represented by a worthless fellow, who might be daily seen reeling and tumbling about under the influence of the juice of the grape just as he now staggered and fell under the weight of the cross. Here followed a man with a sponge on the point of a lance: this he offered continually to the (supposed to be) fainting and exhausted cross-bearer. They seemed to have forgotten that the cross was borne by "Simon, a Cyrenian." Then followed men throwing dice for the seamless garment, and seeming to wrangle for the spoil. There were others representing Jesus—five or six in all—but I have forgotten their particular attributes. The procession was lengthened by different confrèries—the red, the blue, and the white—all enveloped in loose robes with hoods over their heads, having holes cut in them for the eyes. These were followed by devotees, some of whom followed barefoot. Had it not been for the influx of strangers who came to witness this religious pantomime there would have been more actors than spectators, for two-thirds of the population were walking in it.

If the personages composing this sacred drama had been selected from among the pious members of the Church alone, or if it had been conducted with due solemnity, there might have been something impressive and awe-inspiring in this long procession winding through the dark streets by torch-light. There was, however, little calculated to produce such an effect; but, on the contrary, much that elicited a smile of scorn or a shudder at this profane trifling with holy events. The whole affair is merely got up to attract strangers to their sadly impoverished town, who, for one day and night, crowd the hotel. It is calculated upon with the same anticipations of profit as they estimate the probable yield of their olives or lemon trees. Much, however, might be said in extenuation of a people ground to the dust by the exactions of a prince who imposes such heavy taxation upon the oil and lemons—their only available produce—that he derives a larger profit from them than does the poor peasant after all his toil and indefatigable labor.

The more intelligent of the priesthood disapprove very strongly of this mummery, and feel that it casts a shade of ridicule upon their religion; they have frequently essayed to suppress it, but without success. During the period when I was present the curé of the place forbade it, positively, and threatened to call in military aid to prevent it; upon which the infuriated inhabitants vowed they would throw their *revered* priest from the battlements into the blue Mediterranean, and so he was intimidated into allowing them to proceed as before.

DANCING BEARS IN INDIA.

THERE are more bears, perhaps, in North America than in any other part of the world, but hitherto they have been put to no use except as purveyors of grease, hams, and skins for sleighs. In the Himalayas the bear is more intelligent, and serves a more lofty purpose. The brave herdsmen of the Himalayas frequently take young cubs and train them to perform all kinds of antics—to dance, to smoke, to drink wine, to shake hands, etc., etc. The accompanying illustration represents a couple of educated bears, with their keepers, going through their exercises. They are a fortune to their owners.



DANCING BEARS IN INDIA.

CONCERNING A BIRD.

I.

THE fire of hickory logs burned dimly in the chimney-place, the red embers glowed and snapped, and sent out sparks which burned holes in the carpet, and made me run hurrying to kick them back. Without, the night was piercingly cold; the snow flew and rattled against the house; it lodged on the sash edge, and drew long, sloping lines upon the window-pane; it blew in under the door, and made small triangular spots in the corner of it. The latch was white with frost, and the wind which swept down the mountain, and through the "Glen," told plainly of the inclement night. I never heeded it at all, but threw another log across the irons, and sat down to meditate. I watched the glowing coals as every one does, and fancied that I saw little red men walking in and out among them, that the white ashes resting softly in the corner were their graves, where they should lie down after their fiery lives were ended and sleep sweetly. Then Patience, my wife, took down a book, and read aloud from its charmed pages.

What a cozy little place it was, to be sure! The bright brass andirons shining, and seeming to make grotesque faces at the little red men in the fire, who winked back again; the checked carpet, clean, though homely; the ticking clock on the mantle; the peppers which we picked last fall for the rheumatism, which troubles me occasionally; and that grim and quaint old bureau, with its outlandish brass ornaments, which Patience keeps brighter than gold, made our humble little dwelling cheerful and happy: and I thanked the Father—not as the Pharisee doth, that he had made me better than other men—but that, out of His bountiful providence, so much of good had befallen me.

Just as I was dropping off in a doze—the reading having lulled me to sleep, and the little red men, getting tired of cutting up their capers, had rested quietly in their ashy graves—there came a tremendous rap on the outer door. There was a room between me and it, where the well was, the cheese-press, the milk pans, and other implements of the dairy; and at first I thought the storm had shaken some of them so that they had fallen, but a repetition of it soon convinced me that it was actual; so hastily brushing my hand across my eyes, and looking wonderingly at Patience, who looked the same at me, without a word I started to the door and opened it. Mercy! the first blast of wind caught the door out of my hand, and sent it slamming against the wall, filling my slippers full of fine snow, and nearly taking my breath away. Then I looked, and saw my neighbor Holcomb standing, muffled, up in the shadow of the house, covered with snow.

"Squire Lee," he said, "there's a party in distress along here somewhere, on the road leading to the 'Glen,' and we must turn out and look for them. I heard the cries some time since, and they seem to be getting fainter. Such a night as this one would not let a dog out knowingly. I need your aid. Hark! there it comes again. Listen!"

Yes; it was true. Far above the roaring of the tree tops, the rushing of the icy river, I heard that awful cry upon the night—'Help! help!' and a shriller cry, in a minor key, that struck painfully on my heart. Without hesitating for an instant, I hastily equipped me, and telling Patience to be ready in case of need for sufferers, I took my stable lantern and set out.

Out into the bleak and desolate night. We took hold of each other's hands—strong men both of us—and wrestled with the storm. It hurled its masses of wind and snow heavily against us, as if to beat us back from our errand of mercy. The heavy drifts clogged our feet painfully at every step, and more than once, as we labored slowly through some heavy bank, I was on the point of sinking down myself. Though we knew the road perfectly, it seemed strange to us, and getting confused, stopped for a moment to listen. Again the cry, and this time so near that we struggled on again through the driving snow-clouds, striving to reach them. Now to the right—now to the left—as the wind blew the sound into our ears, until, when we were nearly ready to give up our fruitless search, we at last caught sight of them.

A man was standing at his horse's head, holding the plunging and rearing beast from breaking away altogether; and a little place in the snow, more level than the rest, told us plainly they had been overturned, but were now righted again.

Dimly through the storm we could see some figures seated in the sleigh. As soon as they had discerned our little light they all set up a shout together; and the man cried out, in a voice thin with cold,

"For God's sake, friends, lend us a hand here! We are nearly perished in this cursed place. My wife and child are nearly perished with cold, to say nothing of myself and beast. Lead us out quick! We can't stop to parley as to terms. Get us under cover as soon as possible!"

Assuring him that he was in good hands, and would soon be all right again, we—revived and inspirited, now that we had found the object of our search—set to work with alacrity, and soon had the horse, mad with cold and affright, detached from the sleigh, it drawn into the road, and, all piling in, were galloping like the wind toward the house. When we reached there, which we did in a few minutes, I saw, through the storm, Patience at the lighted window watching for us; but for all she could have seen out she might as well have looked in the cellar. But her good heart so longed for us that she sent it out through her eyes to welcome us in.

We bundled them out pretty quick, Neighbor Holcomb and I—and we were none too quick, for they had all relapsed into a stupor, brought on by their cold and exposure, and, stiff and cramped, by sitting so long in one position, they walked, aided by us, slowly to the house. Then I returned, and took the sleigh and drove around under the shed, leaving Patience to take care of her patients. I soon cared for the beast; and left my neighbor to find the best of his way home, thanking him for calling on me.

When I got into the house again my guests—so I considered them—were doing very well, what with the roaring fire we had, and a little stimulus which was necessary to thaw their frozen blood; and I had time, for the first, to look at them. The father was a man of fine commanding presence, and the mother a quiet, retiring little person, whose manner and face took the heart at once a captive. But then the daughter—for there were three in all—how shall I speak of her without being extravagant in terms? A light, graceful figure, scarcely fit to stand alone, looking as though it wanted some one to lean on; beautiful golden hair, and a profusion of it, knotted and twisted around her head, as though she did not know what to do with it all; an eye the hue of the wild grape skin, set in a face as fair, spiritually and physically, as ever mortal eye looked on.

When I entered the father rose and thanked me in a quiet and sensible way, which bespoke the high-bred gentleman; adding, further, that I came at the most critical period, as they were fast giving way to that death-like torpor which mercifully steals over those freezing to death; speaking at once in terms of praise which I must be excused for not mentioning in this place. I gave my neighbor all the credit of the rescue, as it was in truth his. It was, in good earnest, a close touch to life and death. One out on that lonely road, and ignorant of the way, would have soon been snowed under and perished.

The first thing they wanted was rest and quiet; and we soon had the spare bedroom ready, with a little room off for the daughter; had the house shut up, and retired for the night.

The morning after the storm broke clear and bright; the sun, as if ashamed of having been so long concealed, now dazzled our eyes with his beams.

We were seated at breakfast with our guests, and enlivening that pleasant meal with cheerful converse, when from out the little parlor which joined our kitchen there came a peal of music such as I never heard before. The fork dropped from my hand, and I sat open-mouthed in amazement. It went on, a flood of song that ran and gurgled clear and musical, as it were a song of thanksgiving and praise fresh from the heart. I looked in wonder from one to another of my guests. I knew we had no such creature in the house of our own, whatever it was. My eye fell on the daughter.

"It's only my bird," she said.

"Only your bird? What do you mean"—forgetting myself for the moment—"by only your bird? If that be a bird which just now sung, then I never heard bird before!"

"I'll go and fetch him, that you may see for yourself."

She went, and returned bearing in her hand a little wicker cage—such a one as we see birds imported in—set it down before us, and we then awaited its pleasure.

It was a funny little thing. It had a black crest on its head, which stood up when it sang. It hopped very unconcernedly from perch to perch, and peered curiously at us with its beads of eyes, as who should say, "I am very fine; admire me."

"Let us hear him sing, if you can persuade him," I asked.

"Oh! very readily. He is well-trained, is Cherry, and sings at the word of command."

She raised her forefinger, and said to it, "Sing, Cherry!"

The little yellow ball of feathers straightened itself, stropped its beak to its satisfaction upon the perch, made three or four very perceptible hums and haws, and let loose again. What a melody it was! It sang of green trees; of meadows fresh with flowers; of waving branches and a mossy nest; of fervent heats; of cooling shades, dells noisy with brooks, and of the waving grain. Then it stopped. No one spake. I filled with the sweet thoughts which crowded on me thick and fast, and the rest, I think, the same.

"Where did you get this priceless bird, my little lady?"

"Carl gave it me," she said.

"And who is Carl, might I ask?"

The father then spoke up and told me. "This bird," said he, "came into our possession in the following manner: About a year and a half ago a young German was coming to this country. On nearing the land they were cast away on that Scylla of modern mariners, the Jersey shore; and, out of all his effects, only this bird and a few dollars did he save. He prized the bird above all, even with his life; 'for,' as he said himself, 'he is of rare breed and a rarer singer. If he dies, my comrade is gone.' He was of good parentage, was the German, and well brought up; and, like a sensible man, has set out to earn his own living on a farm hard by in a neighboring city—we retaining the bird in our possession at his request. He comes occasionally to see us in our house at Hartford, to teach us the feeding and education of it."

I should have liked very much to have asked him which bird he came to see; but did not think it altogether polite. I wondered how it escaped the violence of the storm; but supposed it was such a little thing they had it snugly wrapped up.

"Ah," said my little lady, "you should hear him sing when Carl comes to see us!" her eye lighting as she mentioned the name. "He has a different song then from the one which he generally sings. Should you choose to hear it?"

"I should choose," I said.

"Sing, Cherry!" with the finger raised.

He forged a golden chain with his throat, on which my heart ran straight to heaven. We were all the happier and stronger for it; and, in a sweeter train of thought than we had been for many a day, we sat a while calmly; but as we could not sit with folded hands listening to singing-birds, we soon went about our several businesses—I to the village, having excused myself to my guests, as my duties were urgent, and Patience to her household cares.

The following day my friend—for so his gentlemanly bearing and sound heart had brought me to consider him—thought the roads were so well broken as to warrant his setting out again on his journey. So he took his horse and sleigh and started; but his daughter begged so hard to be allowed to stay a week or so that he at last reluctantly consented. We, having no children of our own, were very glad to have her. So Fairy—she was so like one that I will call her thus—and the bird staid with us. She was a little lonesome at first without father or mother; but with the little household cares she was pleased to busy herself with, time never hung heavy on her hands. The week changed to a fortnight, and that to a further respite, until her father becoming in a measure reconciled to her absence, and as he was pleased to say she was in good hands, the day for her departure was indefinitely postponed. Little parties and social circles occupied the time pleasantly, and in mutual confidences we strengthened each other's views of life, young though she was, and were all the more benefited by it.

Only a few days after the occurrences narrated above, I noticed one day, while coming up the road, a strange horse and sleigh, city built, and which I never had seen before, standing at the gate. There must be some stranger here, I thought; and sure enough, when I reached the house, Fairy came running to greet me, saying, "Uncle"—she christened me thus—"here is Carl, come for his bird." And a tall, elegant gentleman stepped forward, apologizing for entering my house without invitation in language at once so fluent that one could scarce detect a trace of his native accent. I bade him welcome to my house and all it afforded, of course. The afternoon wore away in pleasant chat. He was full of anecdote, relating scenes of foreign travel, incidents he had passed through, and cheated life's brief hour of every sharpness.

"You have heard my bird sing?" he said.

"I have, and could never tire of it; but I think no song of late equals the one he sang after his deliverance from the storm."

"Hear this one now," he said; "for he has a variety, has my little pet." He drew himself up in military attitude, threw his hair back from his forehead, and said to the bird, which was attentively regarding him, with his head first on one side and then on the other, "Hist, sing!"

The crest raised upon its head, its throat swelled, the feathers quivered, and then it rolled forth cheerily, cheerily at first, like a little rollicking brook tinkling sweetly over its pebbly bottom; swifter, faster, and more furious now, like the waterfall plunging headlong over the rocks, until he burst into a magnificent tide of song that eclipsed all I ever heard—harps of Æolus played, bluebells nodded and rang their floral chimes, and humming-birds flitted on glistening winds through gardens of honey-suckles, and only the bird sang. I held my hands over my ears lest it should run down to my heart and break it. The air was sweet with song. A surfeit of music filled and cloyed us, as the breath of new-mown hay doth the senses when too long steeped in it; and then the teacher, no, the master—not the teacher, God was its teacher—bowed his head, though for the thousandth time perhaps he had heard its melody.

"I was afraid," said he, "he had forgotten his cunning. You have taken good care of my treasure, little lady, although I think the cage is a little too small (half contemplatively)." I left them together, wishing to go and sit by my fireside, with Patience, and the memory of that theme within my heart.

As I live the little red men were there again, darting as of old around the andirons, climbing up the smoke and making themselves ridiculous with their antics. "Patience," I said, "how do you think the bird gets on?"

She looked slyly up at me, and seeing the drift of my remark, answered me with a cunning little laugh,

"Mayhap he knows where there is a larger cage, since the other is too small?"

She was provokingly silent and non-committal.

"You are very dull company, dear! Why don't you make one of your brilliant remarks now—it's such a fine chance? Be a little sarcastic, please."

Only the needle flew a little faster and the thread sang in the air. At last she said, looking fairly at me now, without evasion or reservation of any kind,

"I understand it all very plainly. It is more than Canary-birds that brings Carl here, and what the 'more' is you know as well as I do; and sometimes when I think of it, it makes me very sad."

The dear wife almost made me laugh.

"Well, if you aren't funny. What is there to be sad about? Were you not beside yourself when I came to see you? Oh, most comely and thrifty of housewives!"

She threw the pin-cushion at me.

"It is a much more serious matter than you imagine, my dear jester. You should not speak so lightly."

I put on a most lugubrious expression of countenance, as befitted the solemn occasion of a young man's visiting a young woman.

"I demand a full-length explanation," I said.

She brought her chair close to me and began:

"In the first place, you know Fairy is very young, too young to marry, and long engagements I do not approve; that she is sensitive and light-hearted to a fault; that Carl is a German"——"Is it, then, criminal to be a Ger—" (hand on my mouth)——"and their ways are so different, both in habit and education, that I fear they will never agree. I have no doubt but that he loves her, and she him; their every action speaks it; always together when they can be, and unmistakably attached, and that they will marry. I should much rather she would marry one of her own countrymen."

This view of the matter quite startled me. It seemed possible that things would take the course she predicted; but not liking to be defeated on my own hearth, even by the "partner of my bosom," I defended myself stoutly with the school-boy's argument, "What of it?"

"Simply this, that under the cover of our roof, and away from the watchful care of her parents or their supervision, he may use his power of persuasion to such a degree that all his views of things may seem right and clear to her. She is very impressible; and though I doubt not but that he is as honorable as the sun, still, for all that, I should not wish him to entangle her in any alliance with himself without the full knowledge and consent of her parents, unless they have fair intimation of all his proceedings."

It was getting rather complicated, certainly. I began to regard him as one laying little trains of diplomatic saltpetre under us, to blow the confidence and respect of her parents in us to the four corners of the earth. "What shall we do?" I asked of the Oracle of my hearth.

"Do this," quoth she. "Watch him; when you think matters have gone far enough write to her parents, and we will give her over into their hands. In the mean time, whatever betide, let us not forget the sacredness of their privacy while they are with us. Be as secret and watchful as a spy, and as careful of detection."

II.

THEY were having a very happy time of it in there. The bird sat in his wicker cage and warbled his wondrous song. The air was warm and golden with it; and when I went in, as I did shortly after to attend the fire, I half expected to see the flashing of the crimson pomegranate, the waving of tall palms, and breathe odors of Araby—so did it transport my heart to tropic lands; and then my guests sat at the piano, and sang divinely together.

It is very true that it was a priceless bird and a rare; but it is equally true that his training and discipline were extremely difficult—so much so that it was a long time before Carl could make up his mind to leave it.

I continued meanwhile to watch them.

But one day he came to me and told me, in a much more mysterious manner than I thought the occasion required, that he intended leaving the next day and taking his bird with him.

I expressed my regret at parting with him, and hoped he would soon return. Instead of thanking me, as I expected, he walked moodily away to the window. And more, too: when I came to part with Fairy the next morning she kissed me with much more warmth than usual; called me her dear, dear uncle; and putting her hands on each shoulder, held me off at arm's-length, looking mournfully in my face, kissing after with such affection that even good Patience's nose began to wrinkle in a very suspicious manner. Well, I had too much to do to think long about it; so putting my darling away I went about my duties in the village. The day wore away drearily enough, and scarcely any one came into the office, so I was not troubled about writing. I was not in the mood for work, clearly. Of a sudden a bright thought seized me: before Carl went away I would run up, get my horse and sleigh, and take both him and Fairy to the place where we found them in the storm. No sooner did the idea present itself than I seized it as a welcome relief from the monotony of my duty. I took my hat and coat down and started for the barn, intending to go first and get the team, and then drive around to the house and take them in; but to my astonishment, when I reached there the cupboard was bare, and never a horse to be found. I began to whistle. This is very charming, indeed—my beautiful bay horse, for which I gave three hundred dollars, spirited away in broad daylight, almost from under my very nose! It is quite a luxurious sensation, but rather too costly; there was the halter, and the har— By Jove! the harness was gone, too! I was quite complacent; I felt extremely grateful to them for leaving me the barn—at any rate the sleigh was there, and I could borrow a horse from my neighbor for the hour. I looked around for the sleigh, expecting of course to see it in its accustomed corner—

"——————?"

"Oh, here! oh, here!" I said; "this is not exactly the thing!" (locking the door when it was too late, of course)—and away I ran to the house as fast as I could. "Patience," I said, bursting in out of breath, "our beautiful horse is stolen, and every— "What's the matter? What *is* the matter?"—for she was crying bitterly—the horse, the sleigh, barn, harness, and all, dissolving to nothing before the tears of my wife. "Oh—oh!" as if her heart would break.

I saw at a glance how the case stood. He would have been a dullard indeed that, taking the mysterious disappearance of my horse and equipage, and the departure of my late guests (who were nowhere to be seen), and the distress of my wife, could not but have seen that trouble had entered into our as yet peaceful dwelling.

The birds had flown.

I went gently up to that trembling and shrinking form, and taking her hands from her face, rested her head upon my bosom, and let her sob her grief out upon that resting-place, which is hers alone. By degrees she became calmer, until she told me the whole story coherently, that it was as I suspected. Carl had asked for my horse under pretense of taking a ride, and getting in with Fairy at our door, drove like the wind down the road, and scoured out of sight almost in a moment; that she should have thought nothing of it but for these words, scrawled in a rigid hand, and which she found upon the table when she went in—

"We have gone!"

Taking this in connection with the singular manner of Carl the day before, together with the very affectionate manner of Fairy at parting with me, I was at no loss to divine what had taken place. There was never a word more, no clew nor hint as to what course they had taken, or what their intentions were.

I feared the worst; but this was no time for idle fears, for regrets, useless and wicked, now that action was necessary. What should I do? Racked by a thousand thoughts and conflicting suggestions, I paced the room in an agony of mind I hope never to experience again. I bitterly upbraided myself for my folly in not detecting some signs of their intention before matters had gone so far. Oh, foolish man that I was, as if the most subtle cunning could detect the disguises Cupid conceals himself under! I had another and still more disagreeable duty to perform—to inform her father; so I took my hat and set out, intending to go to the station and telegraph him, bitter and shameful to me as it was. I ran hastily down, for the day was fast waning, and notified him immediately, and then back again to my now desolate home. Not *all* desolate; for there was *my* heart, true and faithful to me as the needle to the pole, in whose gentle breast neither falsity nor deceit ever found resting-place.

Awaiting the time until I should hear from Fairy's father, I sat at my fireside lost in reflections. The red men seemed turned to demons, who mocked me with their devilish antics, and sputtered sparks of fire out at me fearfully. Hoping in some measure to relieve my breast of its affliction, I took the bird from its place on the mantle, and set it before me, bidding it sing after the manner of its master.

It never uttered a note.

I could stand it no longer. "Patience," I said, "I can't wait for that confounded telegram; it will never come; every minute is an age. Let us go and borrow a horse from our neighbor, and run down to Hartford ourselves, when we can tell all, and appear in a much better light to our friends."

She assented.

I went to neighbor Holcomb, and merely telling him that I had lent my horse and wished to borrow his, obtained it readily. We got in at the door, and laying on the lash, flew away down the road.

Away over the same road they had fled by. Whither were they fleeing? Whether into the blackness of the night, or into the pure light of home? unto utter despair, or a life of peace, honor, and purity, of good deeds or of devils?

Away, away, never drawing a rein. The boys, stamping along the ridgy road, flew by like shadows; the trees were as netting; the fences straight lines; the woods a blotch. The red sun descending made the west lurid with his glare, seeming to shed a fierce and unholy light o'er all the earth. The speed was no relief; and not until we drew up, the horse panting and out of breath with the run, at his door did I breathe freer.

I alighted, helped Patience out, put the robe over the beast, and went in, longing yet dreading to meet him.

What an anomaly a man is! He came toward us smiling, and with outstretched arms.

"It is all right, good friends; but I am the rather grieved (as I see by your faces you are) that matters have taken this course."

We looked blankly at each other.

"I sent you a dispatch," I said, "announcing the affair, but received no answer, so we concluded to come on ourselves."

"But I sent one," he said; "there is some mistake."

I took a long breath. "Then this was all within your knowledge," I found tongue to say at last.

"Not exactly. I more than suspected the attachment of the young people, but was *not* prepared for the sudden resolution it seems they have taken. To set your minds at rest I will tell you all about it. Fairy (I don't know how she can look you in the face) thought it would be a very romantic affair if she and Carl could arrange a sort of runaway match—thought (foolish enough) it would give her a certain *éclat* among her friends, and be altogether a spirited and dashing thing, so what must she and Carl do but arrange the whole thing beforehand. His brusque manner to you was all put on; her extraordinary leave-taking as well; and the most reprehensible part of the whole thing, the words purposely scrawled in a rigid manner, to leave the impression that they were torn by remorse while flying from you—one of the nameless follies youth are constantly committing."

The receipt of this piece of information gave me such unbounded joy that I cut a pigeon wing of a very complicated and intricate nature, when my happiness had in a manner overflowed itself, and I was in a measure rational.

Well, the world rolled round, and a week slipped away rapidly; we got our house in as holiday order as we could for the grand occasion which was to take place. The appointed time brought Carl and Fairy, and their friends, all full of spirits. All were, indeed, welcome. Neighbor Holcomb was present in a bran-new suit presented by Carl, in which he seemed particularly ill at ease, stroking his hand up and down upon his broadcloth pants, and making audible remarks upon the quality of the goods: while the father and mother, beautiful in the look of joy and pride with which they gave away their daughter; and Carl, who wore an expression of serene content and perfect joy, made the most charming picture one could wish to see.

Neither was the occupant of the wicker cage at all behindhand in taking part in the proceedings. That prince of song—silent till now since his master's return—he surpassed himself; his top-knot nodded and trembled with the violence of his song, for when the ceremony was ended and we were all laughing, crying, and shouting together, the noise made him break forth again.

It was as if an angel played upon a flute of pearl and the theme were God. It dispelled all doubt and fear, made clear the devious ways of life, sang sweetly and cheerfully of that other state which is beyond the stars, how purer and yet higher far than they, and left our souls clear and pure for the impress of that divine love which passeth all understanding. It soared loftily to the vault of heaven itself, and then it came again, swelling in the air and glorifying the room, until haloes of it seemed to rest upon the darling wife's head as the halo round the saint; now thinly piping, now richly warbling; faintly and low, like a young mother lulling her babe to sleep; then plashing melodiously upon our ears, like the lapsing of the summer sea upon the strand; sweeter, lower, fainter still, till at last it died away altogether, leaving our hearts entranced with its melody.

It was the king of birds, and its name was Cherry.

OUR SPECIAL PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Christmas Prayer in the Anglican Church—Christmas Fêtes and Grand Dinners—Canvas-back Ducks—Slush times in Paris—Alboni at les Italiens*—The rival Queens of Beauty and Fashion—A new version of Faust—The Protestant Bazar, etc.*

PARIS *December* 30, 1858.

I THINK I can not better begin my *last* letter of this year than by quoting some part of the eloquent prayer I listened to on Christmas Day, and which forms part of the usual service of the English Church, of which the Rev. Mr. Gurney is the clergyman. It is "for blessings upon our brethren of the United States"—and to the effect that the Anglo-Saxon race upon both sides of the Atlantic "may be enabled manfully to perform the work which God has called upon them to do;" and to which I say Amen!

Christmas in France is only a religious fête, not one of social or family interest; but there are so many of the inhabitants of other countries residents here, that Christmas-trees and Christmas-dinners, turkeys and plum-puddings, are almost as numerous as in their native lands. From several invitations for the evening of the 24th instant I selected one at the house of one of the German Ministers, where the *Christmas-tree* was in the perfection of its arrangement, of towering height and beautifully decorated; and from it were distributed to each of the ladies of the party some souvenir of the occasion. The lady of the mansion is our countrywoman; and her engaging, graceful manners, united to genuine kindness of heart, make her an ornament of the diplomatic circle, and endear her to all admitted to her intimacy. The party assembled was small, but brilliant—the *corps diplomatique*, of course, and French of the Faubourg St. Germain. Among these, a duke who worthily bears a historical name, and his duchess, whose ancestor one remembers by Henri Quatre's pleasant and gallant injunction to him to hang himself because a certain battle had been fought without him. This dark-eyed cousin of the *brave des braves* does not belie the blood, for she is known to be rich in the true courage of women—that which makes of them affectionate wives and devoted mothers. There is every day creeping into Paris society and Paris entertainments more and more of that refinement of luxury which makes the same display of magnificence and expense for a few as for a larger number of guests. On this occasion, for thirty persons, there was entertainment as for a hundred; and I have been lately to several dinner-parties, composed of six or eight persons, where the *salons* were lighted as for a ball, and the viands and the wines, and the graceful adjunct of fresh flowers, were lavished with a profusion formerly rare even in dinners of ceremony, and which much astonishes the sober and economic French of the old school.

My last of these parties was one summoned to partake of some canvas-back ducks which had been brought in the *Arago*. You would pity me if you knew how few times in my life I have had the opportunity of tasting that best and most renowned of American dainties. It was amusing to see the expression of the faces of some of the *bon vivants* of my club to whom I announced in the morning the good fortune which was in store for me. There are some of these who seem only to live to order and to *eat* their dinners; and the thought of this unknown delicacy to which they could not attain, excited, I am sure, more envy than if I had told them I had the promise of an introduction to the most beautiful siren of Paris, of the demi or any other monde. The canvas-backs proved excellent, and were well dressed. They were succeeded upon the table by a fat capon of Brest, of which I was shocked to see my companions partake. I felt too sentimentally-inclined to the lovely birds of Maryland thus to profane their recollection!

Paris is fast filling up. The French are returning; and there are Russians and Mexicans to make up for the deficiency in number of English and Anglo-Americans. But Paris is not pleasant or brilliant as yet. There has been a six weeks' absence of sunshine, and the dampness and mud of the streets is something too depressing and annoying, making it impossible even for us masculines to pay visits on foot, or to enjoy the once agreeable lounge among the shops and the pretty passers-by. And there is not only the dirt of rain and Macadam, but the streets are in miserable confusion, with some houses being pulled down, others erected, and these formidable works for the drainage, which flood them with dirty water, and fill them with holes which, in spite of all precautions, have already occasioned several carriage accidents. Health and symmetry are promised out of this chaos; but, for the time, the City of Delight is despoiled of its outward life and enjoyment.

But there is compensation to be found *within* (I do not mean its homes, but its theatres). I went, not long ago, to the *Italiens*, to hear Alboni and Graziani in "Il Giuramento," with the music of which, I believe, in New York, you are already familiar. It is new here, and has been well received—thanks, perhaps, to the admirable singing of these thorough artists; but, though there is some beautiful music in it, I doubt its ever taking a place among the chosen operas of the Parisians. As usual in the early season, the audience was mostly composed of strangers and travelers, and there were two boxes which held conspicuous and renowned personages; and I was amused to see the eagerness with which the occupants of these scanned each other, particularly the two heroines (if such they be called). In one was to be discerned the stately form, and even sweet and winning countenance, of the Countess de B—— (the former love of Louis Napoleon), who—with her fair-haired, rather tame-looking, but gentlemanly, English husband by her side—looked as proper and conjugal as the most proper of English couples. In the box opposite, the new Lady C——n was more conspicuous in her style of dress, and in her evident enjoyment of the attention she excited. Her toilet seemed to have been composed with some idea of Oriental effect. Her hair was bound with golden coins; her dress was of white muslin, with a sash *à la Turque;* and a scarlet shawl, with gold embroidery, gave her a sort of "Light of the Harem" air, perhaps not inappropriate. She is not pretty, but her eyes are dark and expressive, and she seems lively and graceful. Lord C——n kept closely by her side, and I am sure did not dislike being looked at too, as he is well known not to object to being conspicuous.

I have been to see "Faust" at the Porte St. Martin, where it is made into a superb melodrama, which has drawn delighted audiences to numerous representations. I need not say it is perfectly got up, and the poetry of the original is not dimmed in the representation of "Marguerite;" but "Faust" looks so merely sensual that it destroys the charm, and is quite false to the idea of the original, who seems to me rather to have been urged on to material enjoyment by the stimulus which a highly intellectual nature derives from its own power of investing every thing with a certain charm. There is an episode in the piece in which they create a she-devil, whose name of "Mademoiselle Sulpherine" pleased my fancy as particularly well chosen and Frenchy.

There was last week the annual Fancy Fair for the French Protestant Schools, held by a society of ladies, who themselves make and give all the articles disposed of; and the proceeds go to the benefit of schools in Paris and the Departments. It is presided over by the illustrious Guizot, and supported by the liberality and zeal of the Delesserts, Hottinguers, and many others of the honored and honorable community of French Protestants. I saw numbers of our countrywomen there—a few selling at the counters, and others making most liberal purchases—quite "*en grandes dames*," as the French said of them. The result of the two days' sale was thirty-three thousand francs—pretty well for pin-cushions!

But my letter must finish; and if the sun will only shine upon us with the new year, I promise to be more gay next week, and to endeavor to do justice to what is really a sparkling and interesting national fête, the Jour de l'An at Paris.

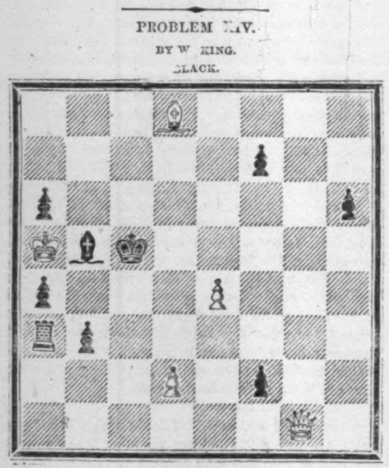
CHESS CHRONICLE.

BY C. H. STANLEY.

PROBLEM XIV.

BY W. KING.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and checkmate in three moves.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. B. (Baltimore). We believe not. Herr Anderssen, the great chess artist, is likewise a distinguished Professor of Mathematics, resident at Breslau.——J. M. B. (Fond du Lac, Wisconsin). The *Democrat*, with your first Chess column therein contained, is received, and welcomed most fraternally.——"POOR PLAYER." An introduction to one of the officers or members of the New York Chess Club, or that of Brooklyn, is all that is necessary to insure to a non-resident a gratuitous *entré*.——"A SUBSCRIBER" (Westminster). How can you expect the proprietors of this paper to give advertisements to other periodicals by devoting valuable space to answer such queries?——J. B. C. (Nashville). Your Problem is quite sound, and very neat; but, as a general principle, two-move Problems are scarcely suitable for this column.——"FRANKLIN," "G. B.," "LEARNER," and some others, will accept the above as applicable to their contributions.——*Carrie and Louise.* Exceptions always where ladies are in the case. In Enigma III., in the variation you propose, White plays, 2. Q to Kt 7, and checkmates next move.——"CYGNET." Your four-move stratagem appears to be by no means below mediocrity, but scarcely sufficiently *above par* for present use.

Solutions to various Problems already given in the *Weekly* have been received from various contributors. For the most part they are correct; but occasionally otherwise. In order to satisfy themselves severally, under which category they write, time and space compel us to refer our friends to former numbers of this paper. Irrespective of the above, we have much correspondence on hand, at which, as yet, we have not had an opportunity even to glance.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XIII.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to K 2 (ch)	K moves
2. R to Kt 2 (ch)	K to B 2
3. R to B 2 (ch)	K to K
4. R takes R (ch)	K takes R
5. K to B 6	

THE NEW WORLD AGAINST THE OLD.

The following well-contested game is one occurring in the late great match between Mr. Paul Morphy and Herr Anderssen. The opening is that termed *Lopez Knight's Game.* Black's third move, "K B to Q Kt 5," is the move from which its appellation is derived; and is generally considered to give first player somewhat more than the *negative* sort of advantage that is obtained from almost any other method of commencing a game.

	BLACK (*Mr. A.*)	WHITE (*Mr. M.*)
1.	P to K 4	P to K 4
2.	K Kt to K B 3	Q Kt to Q B 3
3.	K B to Q Kt 5	P to Q R 3
4.	K B to Q R 4	K Kt to K B 3
5.	P to Q 3	K B to Q B 4
6.	P to Q B 3	B to Q Kt 4
7.	K B to Q B 2	P to Q 4
8.	P takes Q P	K Kt takes P
9.	P to K R 3	Castles
10.	Castles	P to K R 3
11.	P to Q 4	P takes Q P
12.	P takes P	K B to Q Kt 3
13.	Q Kt to Q B 3	K Kt to Q Kt 5
14.	K B to Q Kt sq	Q B to K 3
15.	P to Q R 3	K Kt to Q 4
16.	Q Kt to K 2	K Kt to K B 3
17.	Q B to K 3	K R to K sq
18.	Q Kt to K Kt 3	Q B to Q B 5
19.	Q Kt to K B 5	Q B takes K R
20.	Q takes B	Q Kt to K 2
21.	K Kt to K R 4	Q Kt takes Kt
22.	Kt takes Kt	Q to Q 2
23.	Q B takes K R P	P takes B
24.	Q to Q B sq	B takes Q P
25.	Q takes K R P	K R to K 8 (ch)
26.	K to R 2	Kt to K 5
27.	B takes Kt	K R takes B
28.	Q to K Kt 5 (ch)	K to B sq
29.	Q to K R 6 (ch)	K to K sq
30.	Kt takes B	Q to Q 3 (ch)
31.	Q takes Q	P takes Q
32.	R to Q sq	K to K B sq
33.	R to Q 2	Q R to K sq
34.	P to K Kt 4	Q R to K 4
35.	P to K B 3	K R to K 8
36.	P to K R 5	Q R to Q 4
37.	K to K Kt 3	P to Q R 4
38.	P to K R 5	K to Kt sq
39.	K to K B 2	K R to K sq
40.	K to Kt 3	K to R 2
41.	K to B 4	K R to K 2
42.	K to Kt 3	P to K B 3
43.	K to B 4	K R to K sq
44.	K to Kt 3	K R to K 2

And the game was declared drawn.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

"As handy as snuff in a rag," is a cant phrase sometimes used. Its origin we do not know; but here is a story that might originate a "saw:" "As handy as Adam Slouaker's snuffers."

Adam Slouaker, a number of years ago, came to Huntingdon Furnace, and seeing there, for the first time, a pair of snuffers, asked,

"What's them fur?"

"To snuff the candle."

"To snuff the candle?"

The candle just then needing attention, Adam with his thumb and finger pinched off the snuff, and carefully poked it into the snuffers, saying,

"Well, *now*, them *is* handy!"

Speaking of furnaces, there is a story told of a furnace-store, to which a boy went to buy potatoes.

CLERK. "We haven't any potatoes, but we have onions."

BOY. "Wa'al, let's see yer onions."

[*Clerk and boy go around to the warehouse.*]

BOY (*very angry*). "ONIONS! them's *ing-ens!*"

A gentleman hailing from that island of the sea so noted for its snakes and shillalahs perpetrated the following bull. Mac, getting rather excited in a controversy with a fellow-clerk, told him, by way of ending the dispute, that "his head was so soft that it was hard to drive any thing into it!"

The young lady who lives with us and assists in doing general house-work, complained the other day of a pain in her stomach. My sister gave her some extract of senna (liquid), and told her to take a tea-spoonful. She took the dose, and, after making some wry faces, looked up and said, "Arrah, Miss, is them Holloway's *Pills* you're after giving me?"

A young M.D., of one of the lower counties of East Tennessee, was dining with a company of gay young gents and maidens, and it so happened (as is frequently the case in these parts) that the landlady had a large dish of snap beans served up for the discussion of her guests. Young physic, anxious to make a flourish, with a wise look, remarked that the ancient Romans were so excessively fond of beans that one of them upon his deathbed cried out, "Bene! O bene!"

During the Seminole war in Florida there were a great many soldiers *drafted* for the army. Among the rest was a young man who was engaged to be married to a girl who played finely on the violin. The evening before he was to leave he went to pay his betrothed a farewell visit. She played several tunes for him, and at last the sweetest of all tunes, "Sweet Home." He sat and listened *a while*, then he burst out into a boo-hoo-hoo-hoo cry, and exclaimed, "Oh! I wish I hadn't a *wolunteered*."

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Saturday, Jan.* 22, 1859.

THE week ending this day has been very cheerful in business circles, though without much actual activity. Were it not for the rumors of war which reach us from Europe, it would be safe to count upon one of the most prosperous years that the commercial world has lately had. In money matters, the chief event has been the subscription for the new Ten Million Loan, which is to close to-day. It is generally expected that it will go much lower than the last, say in the neighborhood of 102 @ 103, partly in consequence of the unsettled state of European affairs, and partly from the uncertainty which exists to the amount of the further necessities of the Government.

Money is slightly dearer than it was last week, and financial institutions show an increased unwillingness to enter into long engagements. Exchange on Europe is above the specie-shipping point, and every steamer takes out some parcels of gold.

Stocks are lower, as a general rule. The public are not speculating or buying for investment; under these circumstances, it is merely a question of time when the decline shall take place. It has now begun.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, Jan.* 22, 1859.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets exhibit increased firmness for the leading kinds of Breadstuffs. The home trade buy freely, and speculators have purchased liberally. Holders are not eager sellers.... Cotton opened tamely, but closed quite briskly and buoyantly.... Provisions, Groceries, Spices, Rice, Tobacco, Seeds, Iron, Fruit, Hides, and Naval Stores, have been more sought after.... Hay, Hemp, Hops, Laths, Lime, Tallow, and Whisky have been quiet. Oils, Leather, Tin, and Wool have been in fair demand. The movements in Dry Goods are becoming quite extensive. Buyers from distant Southern and Southwestern markets are actively inquiring for, and, in many instances freely purchasing, supplies of desirable fabrics, for which satisfactory prices are being obtained. Jobbers have nearly completed their purchases, and are ready to meet the wants of their customers. Holders generally begin the season quite confidently, anticipating a vigorous and successful trade. The principal styles of Cotton Goods—both Domestic and Foreign—are especially stiffly held, and are in lively request. The value of the week's imports of Dry Goods has been $3,923,605 against $569,225 the same week last year. The imports since January 1 have been $7,594,302 against $2,144,648 same time last year.... The movements in other commodities have not been productive of any remarkable changes.... We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Unsound State Flour, per bbl.	$4 00	@	$4 50
Superfine to extra State, per barrel	4 95	@	5 90
Superfine to fancy Western, per barrel	5 00	@	5 65
Extra Western, per barrel	5 60	@	8 75
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	5 90	@	7 75
Extra Canadian, per barrel	6 15	@	6 85
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	5 50	@	8 75
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.	3 40	@	4 10
Corn Meal, per barrel	3 50	@	4 25
White Wheat, per bushel	1 30	@	1 65
Red Wheat, per bushel	80	@	1 37½
Mixed Western Corn, per bushel	85	@	87
Rye, per bushel	85	@	90
Barley, per bushel	75	@	92½
Western Oats, per bushel	62½	@	64
State Oats, per bushel	58	@	61
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel	54	@	57
Southern Oats, per bushel	49	@	53
Cotton, middlings, per pound	12¼	@	12½
Mess Pork, per barrel	17 50	@	18 25
Prime Pork, per barrel	13 50	@	13 62½
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	7 75	@	9 00
Cut Meats, per pound	6½	@	9½
Lard, per pound	11½	@	12½
State Butter, per pound	16	@	26
Western Butter, per pound	12	@	19
Cheese, per pound	8½	@	9½
Rice, per 100 pounds	3 00	@	4 00
Rio Coffee, per pound	9¾	@	12½
Cuba Sugar, per pound	6	@	7¾
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	20	@	27
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	6½	@	8¼
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	41	@	42
Hyson Teas, per pound	25	@	55
Oolong Teas, per pound	26	@	55
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	—	@	27½
Hops, new, per pound	10	@	18
Hops, per pound, 1857	3	@	7
Hay, per 100 pounds	75	@	1 00
Tallow, per pound	—	@	10½
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	3 68¾	@	3 75
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	48½	@	49
Tar, per barrel	2 25	@	2 75
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 77½	@	1 80
Linseed Oil, per gallon	67	@	69
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	6	@	14
Seed Leaf Tobacco	6	@	25
American Fleece Wool, per pound	36	@	56
" Pulled Wool	32	@	45

Freights were very quiet, and quotations were unsettled. Some Cotton has been engaged for Liverpool at 1-4d. @ 9-32d. per pound. The total Number of vessels of all classes in port is 565.

The Live Stock Markets, last Wednesday, were heavy for Beeves, Milch Cows, and Veal Calves.... Sheep and Lambs were in good request during most of the day.... Swine were less freely offered and were in demand. The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compares as follows:

	Week ending *Jan.* 12.	Week ending *Jan.* 19.
Beeves	3,712	3,913
Milch Cows	196	181
Veal Calves	429	352
Sheep and Lambs	7,298	8,040
Swine	10,198	8,999

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to first-class Beeves, per pound	$ 5	@	$ 10½
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	25 00	@	60 00
Veal Calves, per pound	5½	@	7½
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 75	@	8 00
" " per pound	4	@	7
Live Swine, per pound	5	@	6½
Dressed " "	7¼	@	7¾
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00	@	2 00

The changes in the Country Produce Markets have been few. Eggs have declined. Some kinds of Poultry are held with more firmness. Game is generally in light supply.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, new, per barrel	$2 00	@	$ 5 00
Chestnuts, per bushel	3 00	@	3 75
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	2 00	@	2 50
Peanuts, per bushel	1 60	@	1 70
Potatoes, per barrel	75	@	2 25
Potatoes, sweet, per barrel	2 50	@	4 00
Onions, per barrel	2 00	@	3 25
Turnips, per barrel	50	@	70
Beets, per barrel	75	@	1 00
Carrots, per barrel	75	@	1 00
Cabbage, per 100	2 50	@	5 50
Parsnips, per barrel	75	@	1 00
Cranberries, per barrel	10 00	@	18 00
Pumpkins, per 100	10 00	@	—
Celery, table, per dozen bunches	75	@	1 00
Celery, Soup, per dozen bunches	15	@	20
Garlic, per 100 bunches	4 00	@	5 00
Cauliflowers, per 100	2 50	@	5 00
Parsley, per 100 bunches	1 25	@	2 00
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	20	@	22
Eggs, Western, per dozen	19	@	20
Chickens, per pair	40	@	62½
Fowls, per pound	7	@	10
Fowls, per pair	40	@	70
Geese, per pound	7	@	11
Turkeys, per pound	7	@	12½
Wild Turkeys, each	2 00	@	3 00
Ducks, per pound	11	@	15
" black, per pair	50	@	62
" widgeon, per pair	50	@	62
" wood, per pair	50	@	—
Pigeons, per dozen	1 50	@	1 75
Woodcock, per dozen	3 00	@	3 50
Partridge, per pair	56	@	68
Snipe, Brant, per dozen	62	@	75
Plover, per dozen	1 75	@	2 00
Rabbits, per pair	25	@	37
Squirrels, each	3	@	5
Venison, per pound	7	@	11
Bear's Meat, per pound	10	@	12

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